

The Sketch

No. 1087.—Vol. LXXXIV.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1913.

SIXPENCE.



60934 France 60936 Germany 72585 Germany 72451 Germany

SHOOTING FISH: RIFLE AND BULLET IN PLACE OF ROD AND LINE OR NET, IN MONTENEGRO.

The correspondent who sends us this photograph writes: "I forward you a photograph of natives of Montenegro shooting fish. The natives of Montenegro have a habit of shooting their fish, instead of catching them in the ordinary manner; and they make very good work of it, too. Stumps of trees are placed in the centre of each river

and made suitable for a man to stand or sit down on while waiting for his fish to rise. The 'fishermen' are splendid shots and rarely miss, their hauls sometimes being as many as six or seven large fish weighing about 10 pounds. The men shown in the photograph went through the recent Balkan War. The photograph was taken near Scutari."

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THE "SKETCH" CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

The "Sketch" Christmas Number, which still claims, we believe justifiably, to be the lightest and brightest of all the Christmas Numbers, will be on sale at all bookstalls and at all newsagents' on Monday next, December 1st. Order your copy (or copies) immediately, or you may be disappointed; for the issue is always sold out with great speed. Features of it are a splendid Presentation Plate, in Colours, of Gabriel Nicolet's "The Red Turban"; Charming Pages in Colours and in Photogravure; Christmas Jokes; and Stories by Well-Known Writers. The price is One Shilling.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

The Bishop and the Halls.

I am sorry to find myself plunging into this rather dog's-eared controversy, but the impulse to write about a thing is an impulse that cannot easily be resisted. At least, I cannot easily resist such impulses. What happens to the more "discreet" writers, I really don't know. Perhaps they never get an impulse to write at all; in that case, why write? Or it may be that they are able to resist their impulses, which is a pity. A writer should not keep his thoughts bottled up in his head—unless they are silly or offensive thoughts. If he walks up and down his study for a couple of hours, wondering whether the subject that he has in his mind is a subject that he can handle with advantage to himself, he will probably end up by substituting some tepid stuff that makes his readers feel ten years older by the time they have waded through it. I say again that we want much more impulse in public life, and much less dull caution. "Air it! Air it! Air it!" should be the cry; not "Bottle it up! Bottle it up! Bottle it up!"

So much by way of digression. Now for the Bishop. I have a very great admiration for the Bishop of London. He is one of the best men we have in this country. He won me over long before he was Bishop of London. He used to come down to Oxford to talk about the Oxford House at Bethnal Green, and there was not an undergraduate in those days who could resist the face of him, alight with humour and intelligence, or the way of him, full of fresh air and winning earnestness.

The "Purity" Crusade.

And so I feel quite at liberty to say, with all the respect of a junior to a senior—a thing that one learns at Oxford, if one learns nothing else—and with all the respect of a mere writer to one of the greatest men of the day, that he is making a mistake in trying to define the policy of the music-hall managers. Nobody objects more strongly than I do to the vulgar sex-stuff that you sometimes get on music-hall stages, but I object to it for a reason quite different from that of the Bishop. I object to it, not because I think it undermines the morals of the audiences—we will deal with that in a minute—but because it is so deadly dull. I presume that the Bishop, before he dashed into this crusade, sat through quite a number of such turns. Did he find that they tended to the undermining of his morals? Of course not. He found them deadly dull. But I suppose he said to himself: "I find this turn frightfully dull, but that is because I am a bishop. If I were not a bishop, if I were a young man of twenty-five, this turn would undermine my morals."

That is where, if I may venture to say so, he made his mistake. People of decent mind, no matter what their age, find those turns just as dull as the Bishop did. They find those turns so dull that, if there is more than one of them on the programme, they will register a vow to eschew that particular hall for many and many a month.

Turns That Succeed.

The truth of this is easily proved. If the sex-stuff were really popular with audiences, the managers, being men of business, would give their audiences sex-stuff—at any rate, the majority of them would. But the majority of managers don't give their audiences sex-stuff, and the halls that hold the most people, such as the Coliseum, are the halls from which the sex-stuff is most rigorously excluded. What fills the halls? The biggest draw to-day, I think most people will admit, is Harry Lauder. Have you ever heard Harry Lauder breathe one word, or have you ever seen him perform one action, that could be called indecent or immodest? Of course not. Lauder owes a huge part of his success to the fact that he

sends his audiences away with a clean taste in their mouths. (It is, I know, a trite phrase, but one should never be afraid of a trite phrase when it is the right phrase.) Lauder makes people feel "good," in the best sense of the word, and that is why he is beloved. He opens the hearts of his people, and the comedian who can do that always has the world at his feet. Chevalier can do it. Dan Leno could do it with a Cockney audience, because they knew that he knew them, through and through. Those are the big artists—the artists who make people feel "good." And those are the artists who draw the great crowds from year's end to year's end. The Bishop should take heart from such popularity. It indicates the true taste of the British public.

The Minority.

And now for the very much smaller public—the public that likes and supports the sex-stuff. What is the Bishop going to do about them? I take it that he wishes to prevent them, for their good, from getting what they want. Well, in the first place, he will never do that. If they can't get it in public, they will get it in private, and if they can't get it in London they will go to the Continent for it.

But suppose he does succeed in stopping the supply of this stuff in London—will that do any good? He may reply, "No, it will not do any good to the thoroughly vitiated, because, as you say, they will get it elsewhere. But it will do good inasmuch as it will prevent the corruption of the younger members of the community." I absolutely deny that. I believe in letting the younger members of the community discover for themselves that all this sex-stuff, of which they have heard so much that they must have come to believe in it as something very wonderful and delightful, is, in reality, the dullest kind of entertainment in the world. Let them go and have their sensibilities offended; nothing could be healthier. Gratify their curiosity, and then rely upon British feeling and British upbringing to do the rest. I will never admit that the majority of people in this country have a sneaking desire for the unclean on the stage or elsewhere. Ask your man-about-town who has had his fill of it. He will tell you that nothing bores him so quickly or so desperately.

"The Tiny Tug 'Nana.'"

For a reader with a little imagination, that is a wonderful story told by Captain Kite, of the "tiny tug *Nana*"—I love that phrase—to the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*. For four whole days, Captain Kite was alone on the tug in the thick of a raging gale. The engine, of course, soon stopped, and he had to keep the head of the tug to the wind as best he could without steam. Vessel after vessel passed him, but they did not come to his assistance. This seems odd. I suspect they never guessed that there was a lone man aboard that tug. One steamer, indeed, according to the Captain's own story, came close to him, looked at him, and went away. Simple enough language, but what a world of conflicting emotions those few words convey.

"I dared not go to sleep," said the Captain, "but the want of it was beginning to tell on me, and every now and then there would come the almost irresistible temptation to take some rest. Fortunately, I was proof against it for four whole days. To have gone to sleep would have been fatal. I had a ton of coal on the forward part of the vessel, and this I attempted to throw overboard in order to lighten her."

What a wonderful picture—the solitary sailor on the little tug, a heavy and deserted sea all around him, faint from hunger, heavy from want of sleep, throwing his little stock of coal into the sea! Mr. Joseph Conrad could make a great story out of those four days.

FOES OF MANGEL-WURZEL-EATERS! GUNS WITH LORD CRAVEN.



1. THE EARL OF CRAVEN, CAPTAIN OF THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.
2. THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL OF RUSSIA; SIR FREDERICK PONSONBY, EQUERRY-IN-ORDINARY TO THE KING; AND ADMIRAL THE HON. SIR HEDWORTH MEUX, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AT PORTSMOUTH.
3. THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL OF RUSSIA.

4. COUNTESS ZIA TORBY, DAUGHTER OF THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL; MISS VIOLET DE TRAFFORD; AND THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL.
5. SIR FREDERICK PONSONBY.
6. ADMIRAL THE HON. SIR HEDWORTH MEUX.
7. THE LOADERS AT LUNCH—PLUS THE INEVITABLE POLICEMAN.

Lord Craven, the fourth Earl, was born in December 1868. In 1893, he married Cornelia, daughter of Mr. Bradley Martin, of New York. His seats are Combe

Abbey, Coventry; Ashdown Park, Shrivenham, Berks; and Hamstead Marshall, Newbury, Berks. The photographs were taken at the first-named.

Photographs by Illustrations Bureau, Sport and General, and Topical.

DANCING PICTURES: LADIES AND THE FIGURES THEY WILL BE.



1. AN ANGEL BY FRA ANGELICO; TO BE REPRESENTED BY THE HON. IRENE LAWLEY.
2. THE HON. IRENE LAWLEY, DAUGHTER OF THE THIRD BARON WENLOCK, WHO IS TO REPRESENT THE ANGEL SHOWN IN THE FIRST ILLUSTRATION.

3. MISS MURIEL WILSON, DAUGHTER OF MRS. ARTHUR WILSON, WHO IS TO REPRESENT THE ANGEL SHOWN IN THE FOURTH ILLUSTRATION.
4. AN ANGEL BY FRA ANGELICO; TO BE REPRESENTED BY MISS MURIEL WILSON.

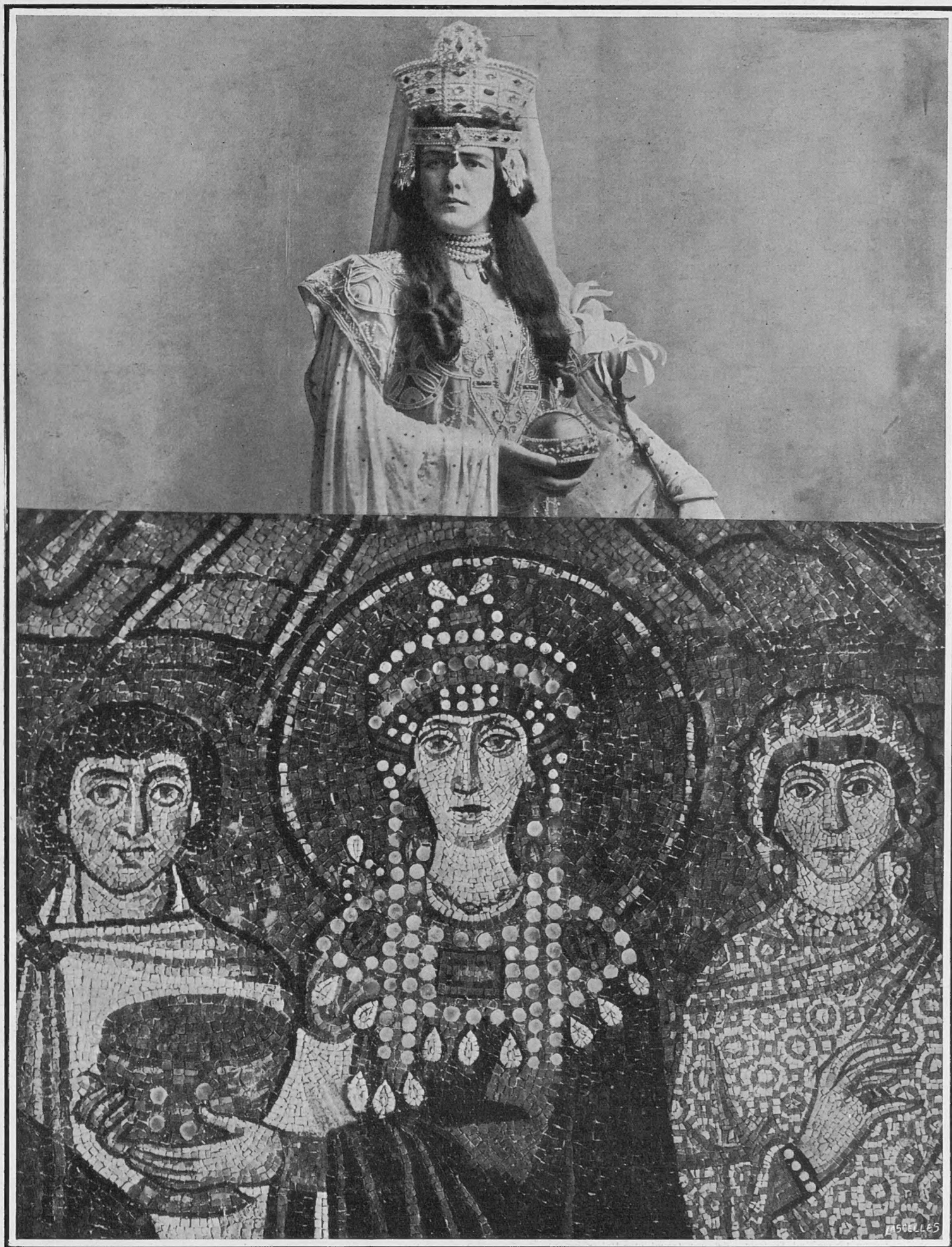


BOTTICELLI'S "LA PRIMAVERA"; AND MRS. JOHN LAVERY, WHO IS TO REPRESENT THE FIGURE OF FLORA IN THAT PICTURE.

As we have had occasion to note before, the Picture Ball is to be held on Dec. 3 at the Albert Hall, in aid of the Invalid Kitchens of London. It has been decided that ivory-white, relieved with gold, shall predominate in the decoration.

Portrait Photographs by Lafayette and Lallie Charles; Photographs of the Pictures (by Anderson) Supplied by Mansell.

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL AS A MOSAIC (6TH CENTURY).



THE BEST SOCIETY TANGO-DANCER TO BE THE WIFE OF THE BYZANTINE EMPEROR JUSTINIAN—FOR A DANCE :
LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL AS THE EMPRESS THEODORA ; AND THE MOSAIC, AT RAVENNA, UPON WHICH HER
DRESS FOR THE PICTURE BALL IS BASED.

Lady Randolph Churchill—who, by the way, is acknowledged to be the best of the numerous Society ladies who dance the Tango—is to be seen at the forthcoming Picture Ball as the Empress Theodora, according to the well-known mosaic portrait of her at Ravenna. The Empress Theodora, it will be remembered, was, according

to the usual accounts, both actress and courtesan before she married Justinian, in about 525. She became Byzantine Empress in 527, the year in which Justinian succeeded to the throne, and she took an important part in the administration of the affairs of the Empire.

Photograph of Lady Randolph Churchill by Lafayette ; Photograph of the Mosaic by Alinari, Supplied by Mansell.

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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THERE was good work in Mr. Miles Malleson's interesting play,
"A Man of Ideas," which the Play Actors produced last
week. Perhaps the author has twisted his characters a
little to suit his story, and there were things that seemed improbable
in the tale itself, which showed us a man who had sunk to burglary
and succeeded in recovering his self-respect and an important
position in public life. But the character was ably drawn and finely
acted by Mr. Campbell Gullan, and the first scene, where the
burglar was caught, and we were told about his past, was admirably
written. Several other players, too, notably Miss Ruth Parrott,
Miss Amy Ravenscroft, and Mr. Douglas Gordon, showed that
there are many clever people who are waiting for a chance of dis-
tinction. Miss Dorothy Brandon's "Venus on Earth" was a
pleasant little fancy, but its study of types of the selfish young
bachelors seemed rather overdrawn.

The critics have been very severe upon Mr. Shaw's farce, "Great
Catherine"; as a body, the critics don't like the terrible Shaw,
who refuses to treat us with the respect to which we deem ourselves
entitled. To me the new piece at the Vaudeville seemed very
amusing. I learn that it is quite *vieux jeu* to make fun of the stiff,
respectable English officer who refused to be Catherine's lover;
but, except in Mr. Shaw's works, I don't know of many instances
of this droll caricature, nor any half as funny as the young prig
whom Catherine tortured by tickling. And Catherine herself is
truly comic, and probably by no means a caricature: a rather
gross, heavy-minded German, easily flattered into the belief that
she was a philosopher and a great liberal monarch, and egregiously
fooled by her lovers, and particularly by Potemkin, of whom
Mr. Shaw gives a remarkably clever picture. And what an insatiable
woman, with lovers up to the age of sixty-seven! Of course, she's
younger than that in the play—about twenty years younger, I
think. A superb performance is given by Miss Gertrude Kingston,
full of humour and with wonderful "lift" at the end; indeed, she
delivered the screamingly funny last line with colossal effect, greatly
heightened by the German accent skilfully used. Potemkin, too,
is very entertaining and very vivid: a credible monster, seeming a
mixture of contrary qualities, but in reality consistent. What a
picture Mr. McKinnel makes of him, giving the idea of a drunken
giant, cruel and good-humoured, and always terribly cunning. The
acting of these two is quite sufficient to repay one for a visit to the
Vaudeville. It is worth while to read up something beforehand
about Catherine—say, in Byron's "Don Juan," or Mr. Gribble's
entertaining work concerning the gross *grande amoureuse*—otherwise
you may hardly think the picture real, and so will lose some of the fun.

"If We Had Only Known," at the Queen's, is quite an agreeable
affair, if not exactly thrilling. The work made me feel that I ought
to have enjoyed it far more than I did. For Mr. Inglis Allen, the
author, is very much in earnest in preaching the wickedness and
misery of the wilfully sterile marriage—a most excellent theme.
Unfortunately, his gift of dramatic invention is not quite as great
as his zeal, and though he has an agreeable wit, and some parts of
the play are amusing, others really pathetic, much seemed rather
artificial. He appears at times to pull himself together and remind
himself that he is really writing a play that must have this and
that, but the effort is obvious. The last act is too much of a
dose of the sentimental, even if it has a pleasant little humour at
the end. What a pity that our theatre fights shy of the two-act
drama: so many plays die young, unloved by the gods, because of
a needless third act. There was some excellent acting. Mr. Malcolm
Cherry played the husband very well, and Miss Mary Jerrold acted
cleverly as the wife. Mr. Rudge Harding, though effective, is a
trifle too portentous as the philosophic doctor. Very able work was
done in small parts by Miss Madge McIntosh, Miss Aimée de Burgh,
and Miss Jean Cadell. Many people will find the play truly
entertaining, and all will hope for its success.

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THE CLUBMAN

DANCING AND THE SERVICES : TWO FAMOUS GAME-SHOTS AT WINDSOR : CANNIBALISM AND DIGESTION.

The Kaiser and the Tango.

The Kaiser, in his fatherly care of his people, keeps an eye on their dancing as well as on all their other amusements. When the young ladies of a German town from which the garrison had been withdrawn petitioned his Majesty to give them back their partners in the dance once again, the Kaiser smiled on them and sent one of his crack regiments in order that the pretty girl waltzers should not be driven to dance with each other. But for the Tango from South America, and some other importations from North America, he has no liking.

The Real Tango.

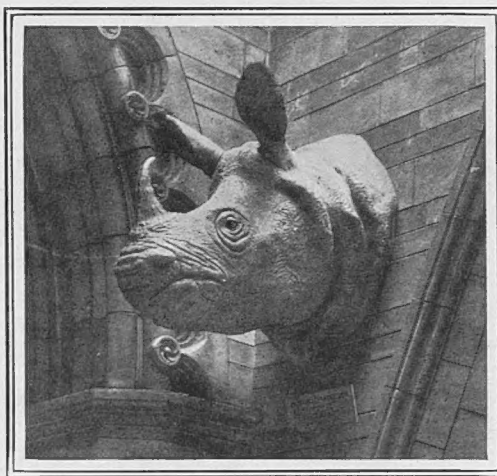
For all that — and perhaps at the risk of Imperial displeasure—the devotees of the Tango in Berlin are said to be very numerous, and the craze for that dance is sweeping over Germany just as violently as it has seized Paris and London. The supporters of the Tango believe that the Kaiser has only seen or heard of the dance as it is performed on the stage, and that if he saw the real Argentine Tango, which is a very smooth and gentle dance, neither he nor the Empress would object to it.

In British Ball-Rooms.

I cannot recall any occasion on which the powers that be have issued any regulations, except sartorial ones, with regard to the dancing of the officers of our Army. It is laid down somewhere in one of the official publications that swords should be worn during the quadrille with which all great official balls open, and uniforms are no longer permitted to be worn at fancy-dress balls. But until Tango tunes and one-steps and two-steps find their way on to the programmes of Court balls they certainly will not appear on the programmes of any balls at which royalties or representatives of his Majesty are present. I do remember that at the time that "Kitchen Lancers" were a favourite diversion in some sets, the Colonel of a regiment expressed a hope that none of his officers, when in uniform, would indulge in such a romp, and his wish, which was not a command, was complied with. The Tango, however, is quite likely to find its way on to a Buckingham Palace or Windsor Castle dance-card, and it has already been danced on innumerable British battle-ships—including the one in "Sealed Orders"—and at regimental dances in half the mess-rooms of the junior service. Young officers going out to India to join their regiments all learn it before they embark, though it has not yet received the Viceregal benediction at Simla, where this summer the Black Hearts, who are the great bachelor dancing club of the Indian summer capital, have revived the gavotte as a ball-room dance.

A Royal Shoot.

Two of the best game-shots in Europe have, during the past week, shot in the Windsor coverts—King George V. and his guest the Archduke Francis Ferdinand; but to talk of such a shoot as a "duel" between two guns is to give an entirely wrong impression, for, in the first place, the King, being host, out of royal courtesy thought far more of giving good sport to his guest and of putting him in the best position than of obtaining a great bag of birds himself. It is also, I believe, against the etiquette of these royal shoots for the birds brought down by any one gun to be counted, though, of course, the total of the day's shoot is very carefully kept, and the birds are generally laid out at the end of the day for inspection. Most of the foreign royalties who are good shots are more used to deer-shooting and other big-game-shooting than they are to firing at driven birds; but this is not the case with the heir to the throne of Austria, who probably, in the course of the year, gets better partridge-shooting than any other Prince in Europe.



FROM A BEAST SHOT IN INDIA BY THE KING : A RHINOCEROS-HEAD, NOW IN THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

Photograph by C.N.

A New Food Fad.

A French physician, Dr. Hugonencq, of Lyons, is responsible for the newest form of food fad, which, if put into practice, would lead its disciples very quickly to the guillotine. The doctor has discovered that the best food for mankind is man. He says that human flesh is the most digestible food that man can eat. On this subject the doctor differs from those men who have actually met cannibals. During the early days of the British rule in Nigeria, some of the tribes were known to be cannibals, and the white men brought into contact with them took especial note of the appearance of the men suspected of cannibalism. The look of those who indulged in the horrible custom of eating their fellow-men was always said to betray the fact, for they were thin and haggard, and, instead of being well nourished, looked like men who suffered from chronic dyspepsia. Perhaps

the circumstance that the victims were prisoners taken in war, and therefore muscular men in hard training, may have accounted for the fact that they disagreed with their captors when they got inside them. The nearest approach to anthropophagy to which civilised men ever come is the eating of monkeys, to which by necessity exploring parties are often driven. Monkey-flesh is quite good food, but any man who has wounded a monkey and has seen the poor creature weeping and moaning like a human being will never, unless driven to it as a last resource, bring himself to shoot at a monkey again. Cannibalism among savage tribes has been due to various causes, mostly connected, in some way or other, with superstition.



SET UP BY LORD KITCHENER IN CAIRO : A LONG UNHONOURED, BUT FINE STATUE OF RAMESES II., CALLED "THE PHAROAH OF THE OPPRESSION."

It was announced the other day that Lord Kitchener had had set up, in the fine open square with gardens by Cairo Station, a magnificent statue of Rameses II., which lay for a long time unhonoured near Bedrashin. The statue in question, which is of fine, hard limestone, and is about forty-two feet in height, was found in 1820; but, owing in part to apathy and in part to the great weight of the work, was left where it was discovered.

Photograph by C.N.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



THE COUNTESS OF ELGIN—FOR HAVING MARRIED A VERY DISTINGUISHED MEMBER OF THE PEERAGE.



THE KAISER—FOR TAKING STEPS IN THE TANGO CONTROVERSY, AND PUTTING HIS FOOT DOWN DELICATELY.



THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH—FOR HER GENERALSHIP IN LEADING THE FORCES OF REFORM AGAINST THE "SWEATING" OF WOMEN.

Lord Elgin, ex-Viceroy of India, married his second wife on Nov. 19. The new Countess is a daughter of Commander W. Sherbrooke, R.N., and widow of Mr. Frederick Ogilvy.—It appears that the Kaiser has not officially forbidden his officers to dance the Tango, but has "expressed a wish" verbally that German

officers in uniform should refrain from it, also from the One-Step and Two-Step.—The Duchess of Marlborough held a great meeting at her London home, Sunderland House, the other day, to start a campaign for the abolition of "sweating" among women workers.

Photographs by Howard Barrett, Voigt, and Lallie Charles.



MR. H. HUGHES STANTON, A.R.A.—FOR PROJECTING A PICTURE—"HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM BURLINGTON HOUSE."

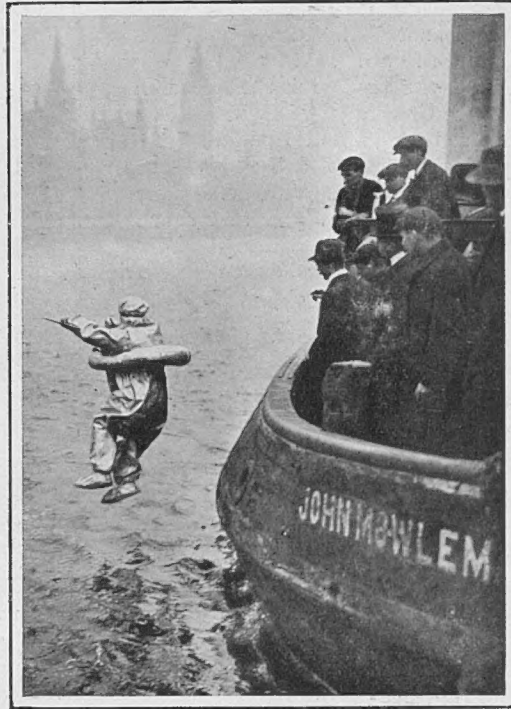
The President of France, though ruler of a democratic nation, is strictly kept in order in the matter of his apparel on State occasions by a kind of Master of the Wardrobe, known as the Chef du Protocole. The present holder of the



MR. WILLIAM MARTIN—FOR SEEING THAT M. POINCARÉ PUTS ON THE COAT AND TROUSERS PROPER TO THE OCCASION AT STATE CEREMONIES.

office is Mr. William Martin.—Herr Paul Raschke, a German tailor, of Breslau, the other day jumped into the Thames from a tug and swam from Lambeth Bridge to Blackfriars in a patent life-saving suit of his own invention.

Photographs by Illustrations Bureau, Pettinati, and Record Press.



HERR PAUL RASCHKE—FOR HIS COOL WAY OF SHOWING THAT "A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE" (OR MORE).



MR. ALFRED DRURY, R.A.—FOR BEING AUTHORISED TO ADD TWO MUCH-COVETED LETTERS TO HIS NAME.

Mr. Edward Alfred Briscoe Drury, generally known as Mr. Alfred Drury, the well-known sculptor, was recently elected a Royal Academician. Mr. H. Hughes Stanton, the landscape-painter, was elected an Associate. After the election, as usual, artists' models raced to the new Associate's abode to bring the news. There was a dead-heat among four Italians, who were "suitably rewarded."—Captain Kite, of the tug "Nana," spent four days alone on board in bad weather, owing to the



CAPTAIN KITE—FOR HIS PLUCKY ENDURANCE WHEN LEFT ALONE ON A TUG AT SEA FOR FOUR DAYS.

life-boat, with all the crew, getting separated from the tug. He subsisted on nine biscuits and a bottle of stout, and with difficulty avoided going to sleep. He was saved by a German steamer.—In dedicating a memorial window to a hunting parson the other day, the Archbishop of York said that the fox, in the opinion of many, won, at the cost of a brief anxiety, a protection which he would not otherwise enjoy.

Photographs by Record Press, Illustrations Bureau, and Mayall.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK—FOR SUGGESTING THAT A FOX OUGHT REALLY TO BE GRATEFUL TO HUNTING MEN.

WHERE'S THE TEA-GOWN OF YESTERYEAR? TEA-TROUSERS.



SHALL WE SEE THESE AT TANGO-TEAS? THREE PYJAMA TEA-SUITS FOR AFTERNOON WEAR;
AND A MORNING PYJAMA SUIT.

We are informed that, in some quarters at all events the tea-gown, once so fashionable, has given way to the pyjama suit. Three examples are given here, and one of a pyjama suit of heavier make designed for wear about the house in the morning. The first tea-suit shown is rose-colour; the second, blue, with embroidery; the third, rose.—[Photographs by Austin.]



AN EVENING AT THE PALACE.

Alexander or
Harry Lauder.

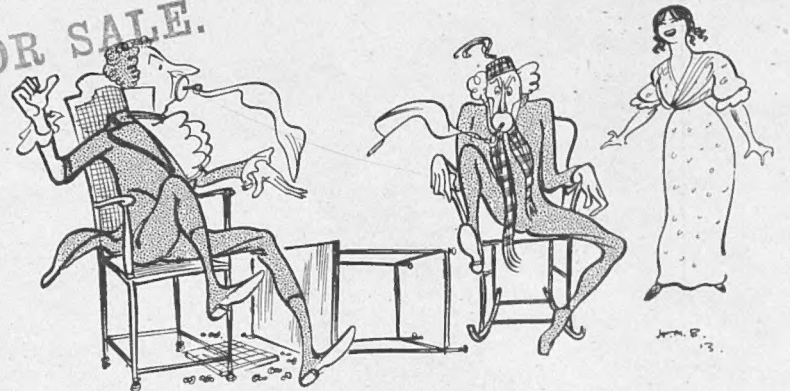
When listening to the applause with which Mr. Harry Lauder was greeted at the Palace, and watching him after his songs were over, standing before the curtain larking with the audience to its intense delight, the thought of the famous phrase of Alexander to Diogenes came into my mind. I half said to myself, "Were I not Mr. Monocle of *The Sketch*, I would be Mr. Harry Lauder"—but would I, I wonder? Probably none of us really ever wishes to be anybody else. The most envious only desires to have the gifts and qualities, power and position of somebody else, and to remain himself. It would not be much gain to me to be somebody else—for then I should not be me—or I: perhaps the reader, I mean the printer's reader, will settle my grammatical difficulty, with which I am too tired to deal, or shirk it by saying, "I should not be myself." What a wonderful thing to be Harry Lauder, on the eve of a world tour, at a salary of £1000 a week, according to our Artist. Possibly our Artist's figures are wrong—Mrs. Monocle says that they always are when he tries to draw me. Think of the thousand pounds a week, even with a substantial discount, for singing a few songs, making a few jokes at a few performances: money at a greater rate than ever was paid over a substantial period to poet, painter, novelist, sculptor, architect, or musician, for works destined to possess the brief centuries of life that we call immortality. The thought rather dazzles and oppresses me: it suggests that the world is lamentably upside down. Certainly Mr. H. Lauder is quite extraordinary in his way, though not unparalleled. Some of his charm has disappeared; he has grown more like the ordinary comedian of the halls than he used to be, has become a little "cheaper" and more obvious, even when playing to a variety-theatre audience of the highest class. There is too much of the comic make-up in costume, and of stale, stale tricks. Nevertheless his first song, "Roamin' in the Gloaming," showed very well the strongly rhythmic singing, the lilt, the touch of romance not far from the humorous, and the comic close to the tender which made him a favourite of the English public. The audience revelled in the cruel humours of his picture of the daft Scotch schoolboy in "The Safest o' the Family," which pained me. His third song, "Rosie," was received with roars of applause, and after this he came before the curtain and had fun with the crowd in the house.



"TOUCH AND GO!" JOE JACKSON, THE VAGABOND,
IN "STEALING A BICYCLE."
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

Mr. Lewis Sydney.

The first item that attracted my attention was a little sketch by Messrs. Lewis Sydney and Herbert Mason, called "The Comforters," in which Mr. Sydney was cleverly entertaining as a very testy old boy, reminding me



"THE COMFORTERS": IN THE CENTRE, MR. LEWIS SYDNEY AS JOSIAH GRIZZLE.
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

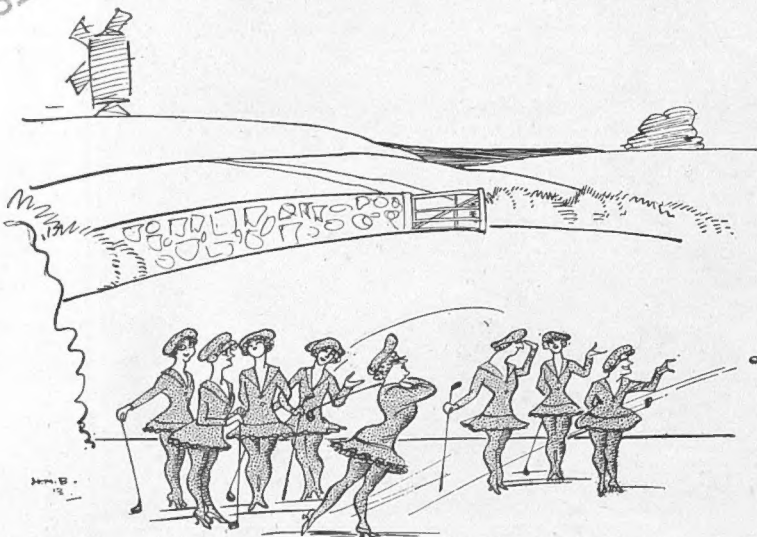
somewhat of Sir John Hare's famous performance as Lord Kilclare in "A Quiet Rubber." It would be more amusing, to the few, if he were to begin his game of chess by some possible moves. Perhaps the difference between the sketch in the hall and the comedietta in the theatre lies in the fact that in the hall it is considered permissibly comic to play chess absurdly. We had the Palace Girls in a "Musical Dancing and Sporting Scena," called "Fresh Airs and Graces," with a rather jolly back-cloth by Mr. Ernest Leicester. There was quite a thrilling moment at the beginning of the scena, when eight of the blonde maidens marched on with golf-clubs supplied by—well, never mind—I don't suppose they would let me have Arch Colonels at five shillings a dozen if I were to mention their name. And one of them tee'd up

a ball—our Artist and I nudged one another: he thinks he can play golf because he can give me six strokes and sometimes win, but that proves nothing. We had not time to make a bet whether she would hit the ball or not, but she did with quite a ripping drive, though, of course, it may have been sliced or pulled. After this, the maidens danced with their drivers, and then they danced with lawn-tennis rackets. At the end they volleyed some balls at us: the one that I caught is for sale at the price of five pounds to form the nucleus of a fund for discharged dramatic critics. The affair gave us some lively dancing and pretty music, if nothing quite staggering in novelty.

Miscellaneous Turns.

Miss Grace La Rue, one of the stars of the programme, is an American lady with a powerful voice. She began by singing a song in which she announced, "I Want to be a—" and I've lain awake all night wondering what she wants to be, for her diction was not very distinct, except in a well-known rag-time song, "You Made Me Love You," which, with its treacly, erotic music, got hold of the house. I daresay that Miss Edna May, who was sitting up in a box, was caused to think a little of the glucose love-melodies that "hit" the house in "The Belle of New York." With a sort of feeling of shame I confess that the turn which entertained me most, apart from a capital performance of the Rakoczy March, was called "Stealing a Bicycle," and given by Mr. Joe Jackson. It merely represented the regulation music-hall tramp and his theft of a safety bike. I would not like to swear there was any element of novelty in it; but Mr. Jackson—I wonder if people ever call him "Mr."—is a clever mime with a droll personality. He never said a word, but he made some of us helpless with laughter; he would be still funnier if he were to abandon the conventional make-up of the music-hall tramp.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)



FRESH AIRS AND GRACES: THE PALACE GIRLS AS GOLFERS.
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

I prefer to have artistes in their proper place, which is behind the footlights. However, even if one has private reservations, it is impossible to deny his immense popularity; and nine people out of ten will be delighted by the performance.

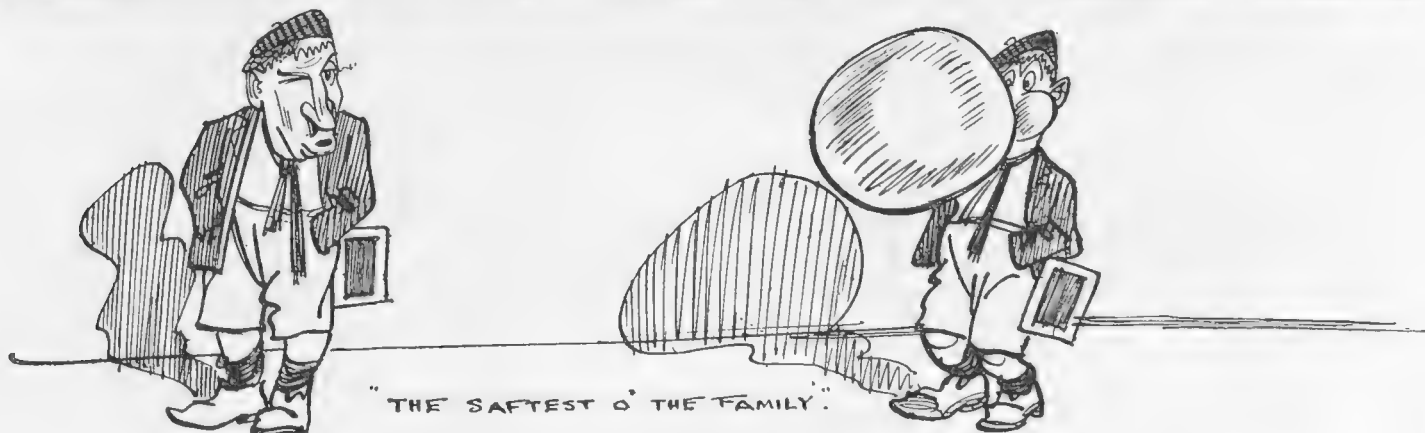
BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: THREE STAR SCOTCH.



"ROAMIN' IN THE GLOAMIN'".



FOR SALE.



LAUDER AT THE PALACE: "HARRYING" CARICATURES BY BATEMAN.

Mr. Harry Lauder, star of Scottish stars, is at the Palace again, and delighting large audiences.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



THE EARL OF DURHAM.

THE presence of the King and Queen at Lambton Castle means the gathering of one or two of the best shots in England and a week of bustle for the keepers. And it means something more; beneath the bustle of shoots and motorings and meals, beneath all the crowded give-and-take of courtesies and kindnesses, with flying visits to aged miners and expectant neighbours, there lies the comfortable sense of continuity. Lord Durham and his sister are for the moment concerned with the things of the moment; but they are at the same time making family history, the sort of family history that runs on as smoothly as the newest Lambton Castle car.

Twelve, and Another.

Lord Durham and his sister belong to a family of thirteen. Sir Hedworth Meux nominally left the fold a few years back, not because it had ever proved unlucky, but because of an access of good fortune: "Tant mieux pour lui." The Hon. Frederick Lambton, twin with the Earl, has done no little soldiering; Sir Hedworth's record in South Africa is sufficiently famous; the Hon. Charles won his D.S.O. in the Soudan, and also served in South Africa; the Hon. George was an industrious Militiaman before he settled at Newmarket; the Hon. William served at Khartoum, and won his D.S.O. in South Africa; the Hon. D'Arcy was in the Navy; and the Hon. Claud and the Hon. Francis have both been concerned with the King's or with their own horses.

The Lambton Twins.

"The Lambton Castle Babies" were no sooner born than they appeared in *Punch*. Twins are figures of fun from the start. The laugh is against them; their lot as unenviable as a mother-in-law's. A blue ribbon tied round the waist of the first arrival was the only guarantee given to Burke that the right heir would come into his own; and *Punch*, concerned for the purity of the Peerage, demanded that the little Viscount's arm should be tattooed in the presence of the Lord Chancellor.

From Cradle to Saddle.

At the age of five, he and the brother were "blooded" by the late Lord Wemyss, who in those days hunted the border county of Northumberland. When Lord Durham was eight he broke a leg in the hunting-field, although the twin, in that case, broke nothing but the rule that they should do all things together. At Eton, a little later, he learned obedience as Lord Harris's fag, and, in his turn, taught it to Sir John Willoughby. Fair at scholarship and games, "Jacko," as he was called, passed from school to soldiering, but left the Army for a seat in the Lords and big game in India on the death of his father. He rather

shied at the notion of moving the Address in the Lords, but was captured by Lord Granville's playful reminder that no one could possibly do it better than the man in whose veins ran the blood of the Duke of Abercorn, "the best reader of family prayers in the United Kingdom." Lord Durham moved the Address; from that day to this he has never been backward in speaking his mind.



THE EARL OF DURHAM.

John George Lambton, K.G., P.C., G.C.V.O., third Earl of Durham, was born in June 1855, and succeeded in 1879. He bore the Queen Consort's Ivory Rod with the Dove at the Coronation of King George, and was Lord High Steward to his Majesty during the visit to India. In 1899 he was elected Mayor of Durham, and he is Lord Lieutenant of the county.

Photograph by Russell.

The Gimcrack Bang.

It was in 1887 that he spoke it so startlingly. There followed a greater controversy than any that wages round the morals of the Turf in the twentieth century. Perhaps the Turf counted for more in those days—or did morality? Whatever the cause, it was a fight of giants. If the things that Lord Durham said, Mr. Chaplin asserted with the *ex cathedra* manner that belongs to the Jockey Club no less than to the Vatican—if the things then said by Lord Durham were true, "then the Turf and racing have become a pursuit in which gentlemen ought no longer to indulge."

The Very Odd Job.

It was Lord Durham who put his hand to the very arduous and very odd job of cleaning out the British racing-stable. One Lord Durham has linked his name for ever with the Reform Bill; here was a young descendant who linked his name with a reform thought by some people to be equally important and inconvenient. It was said at the time that he had more temper than calculation. Save as a smart man about town, with

great collieries and many acres in the background, he had never made as if to distinguish himself. He had done nothing, and done it very well. Then came the Gimcrack Club speech at York, and the Turf, if it shrugged its shoulders, knew that there was live metal in the young Earl. He became a celebrity, with a mission.

The Missionary.

You may find him in the *World* of the Reform year at home at Lambton Castle "clad in a smoking-suit of crimson plush, with photographs and game-cards and racing calendars, Ruff's Guide, a novel by Paul Bourget, and two thousand and one Press-cuttings littering his table." Everything was typical of the sporting Englishman except the campaign on which he had just engaged.

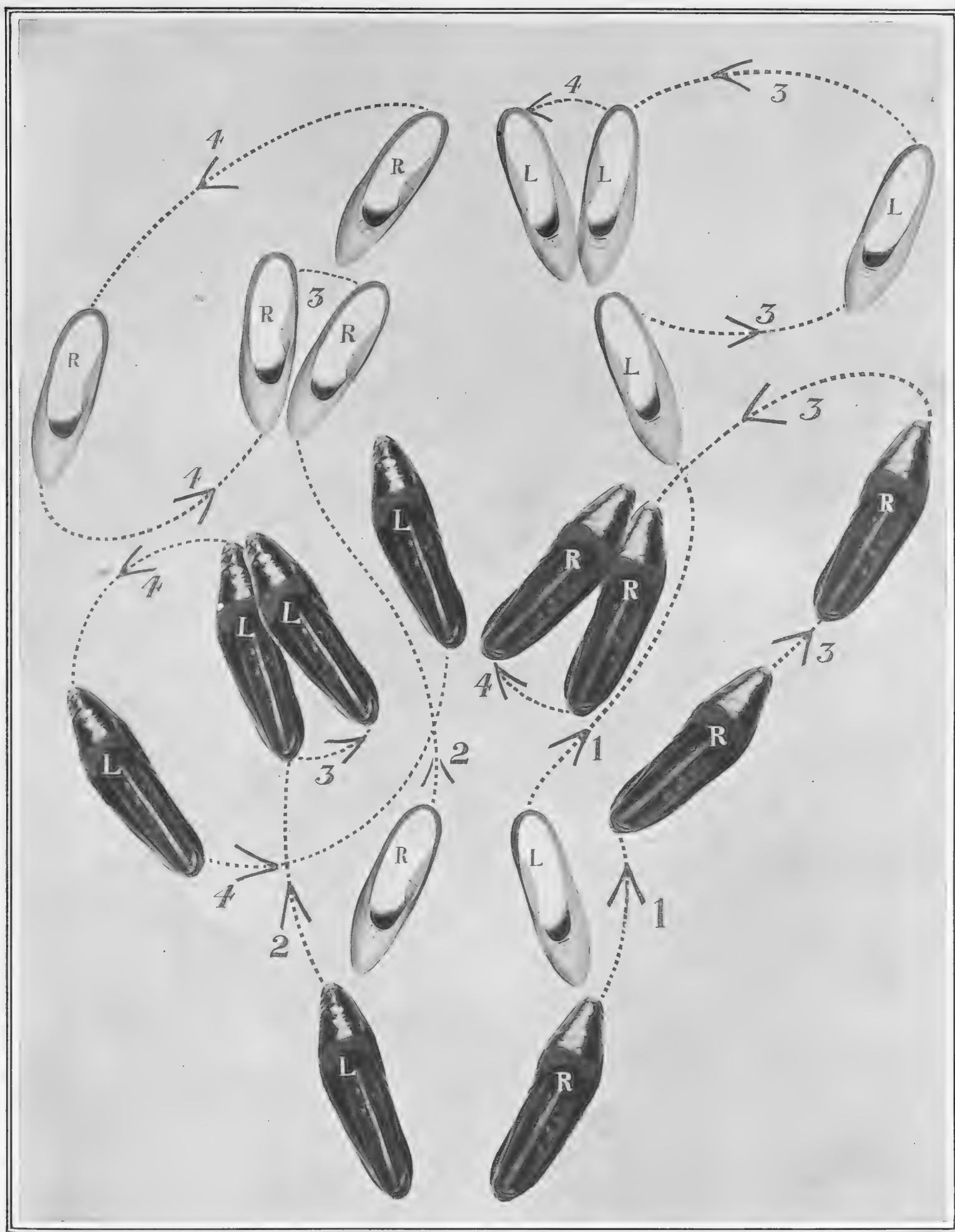
So is it in 1913, save only that the Lambton Castle library has accumulated since then another quarter of a century's Turf Guides and calendars. Lord Durham is still there. And so, probably, is a very fair remnant of the mission. He would be a brave man who would care to say that there is now no need for one. And while there is need, Lord Durham does not blink the facts.



THE EARL OF DURHAM'S BETTER-KNOWN SEAT: LAMBTON CASTLE, FENCE HOUSES.

His Lordship's other seat is Harrington House, Exning.—[Photograph by Hastings.]

DO YOU RECOGNISE YOUR FEET, AND YOUR PARTNER'S?



A "TANGLE" OF THE TANGO — BUT EVERYBODY'S LEARNING IT! — THE SEVENTH FIGURE

(EL CRUZADO CORTADO; LE CROISÉ COUPÉ).

There are 200 steps to the Argentine Tango, and although these have been reduced to five-and-twenty for ball-room purposes, there remain sufficient to "tie up" the novice completely. Some small notion of the intricacy of the dance may be gained from this diagram of the seventh figure. This is described as follows: "The man starts

with the left foot forward and takes two steps, which he ends up with a chassé forward to the right and one chassé forward to the left. The lady starts with the right foot backwards and takes two steps, which end with a backward chassé with the left and a chassé backwards with the right. A moment's interval after this figure, and the couple start afresh."



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

MANY allusions have been made to recent improvements in the shooting at Windsor Castle. Other Georges had to be content with three brace of pheasants in a morning; and many Victorian sportsmen remember what was, from their point of view, the most unpromising tidiness of the estate. It had little of the slightly unkempt look approved by birds and guns until King Edward, and the present King himself, did something to encourage the ruffling, so to speak, of the landscape. And in other ways Windsor is a new place. Under Queen Victoria's rule, one smoking-room, small and difficult of access, was the only place where the weed was permitted. Guests on their arrival were warned that even a quiet cigarette in their own apartments was not approved. Dukes, like school-girls, had to blow all their smoke up the chimney—if they dared to do so much. To-day, smoking-rooms are found in plenty, and the suite allotted to his Majesty's guests was hardly for a moment innocent of the fragrance of Austrian cigars.

A Bride among the Marbles.

Lord Elgin's marriage the other day reminds one that the family estates are already very evenly distributed. His eldest son, Lord Bruce, owns the Culross Abbey property; to his second son, the Hon. Robert Bruce, he made over, only a year or two ago, the Dumphail House estate; and to his only surviving brother, the Hon. Frederick Bruce, belongs the Seaton House estate near Arbroath, in Forfarshire. With Lord Elgin himself continuing to be a large holder in Fifeshire, all four are Scottish landowners on an ample scale, and the newly married Knight of the Garter has still as many trees to fell as his heart can desire: like Gladstone, he is a devoted wielder of the woodman's axe. Lord Elgin's marriage last week took place very quietly in London. There was no reception, and no display of presents. Lord Elgin had something better to show his bride—the marbles that bear his name in the British Museum.

The Living Picture.

Very diverse are the feelings provoked by the American Customs. While Sir Harry Johnston is delighted at the stringency of the enactments against plume-bearers, Lady Cheylesmore and a dozen more Anglo-Americans have already been in conflict with the officials. It is

one of these rebels who tells the story of another case of hardship. A woman with some particularly admirable tattooing round her wrist was found out by the observant Customs men, and fined for importing undeclared works of art!

The Irish Difficulty.

Mr. Stickney, who goes to Ireland for ponies, often comes back instead with a string of stories, and one of them is not inappropriate at the moment. Sitting at close quarters in a jaunting-car with his American fare, an Irish driver one day opened his heart. "I don't mind telling you," he said; "but there's great days coming for Ireland." "How's that?" said the American. "Well, quite in confidence, I'll tell you; in Connemara there are eighty thousand men, fully armed and waiting for the word to rise." "Is that so!" said the other encouragingly. "Yes, and in County Mayo there are ninety thousand men, all fully armed and waiting for the word to rise." "Then why on earth don't they?" asked the Yankee. "Ah!" said the driver, with profoundest melancholy, "the police won't let them."

The Lecturer and the Ladies.

The invasion of Cambridge lecture-halls, or, rather, of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's lecture-hall, by the newspaper reporters is thought to open a new phase of 'Varsity usage. Sir Arthur's morning lectures are accessible for the City man's homeward journey; he buys his evening paper and his Tube ticket at the Bank, and before he reaches Holland Park, knows as much about English Literature as any undergraduate. Sir Arthur, it would seem, does not grudge the Londoner his opportunity. If he has any complaint it is against the invasion, not of reporters, but of the women-kind of Cambridge. But that, if it really be ground for complaint at all, is an old story—

as old as the still youthful beauty of Lady de Bathe. Once upon a time the University College porter, being asked the meaning of a long queue of carriages outside the gates, explained: "It's the botanical lectures. Ever since Mrs. Langtry started coming to them, no end of ladies turn up." And they turned up, probably, as much for the interest of Mrs. Langtry, and the flowers in her hat, as for the diagrams of ferns on the blackboard. Sir Arthur, unlike the botany man, at any rate, does not depend on borrowed plumes.



ENGAGED TO MR. HENRY G. S. REWSE, OF NETTLESTEAD HALL, SUFFOLK: MISS BRIDGET A. MONTGOMERY CUNINGHAME.

Miss Montgomery Cuninghame is the youngest daughter of the late Sir William Montgomery Cuninghame, Bt., V.C., of Kirkbride, Ayrshire, and of Lady Montgomery Cuninghame, of Edge Hill, Ipswich.—[Photograph by Sarony.]



THE FIRST WOMAN TO JOURNEY ON THE PANAMA CANAL: MRS. GOETHALS.

ORGANISER OF A PERFORMANCE AT THE KING'S, SOUTHSEA: LADY MEUX.

MARRIED ON THE 19th TO MRS. FREDERICK OGILVY: THE EARL OF ELGIN.

ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN F. M. CHENEVIX-TRENCH, R.A.: MISS SIBYL LYON.

TO MARRY MR. R. H. GRIFFITH, OF WINNIPEG, TO-DAY: MISS ESTELLA INA MARY CAVE.

Mrs. Goethals, wife of the Chief Engineer of the Panama Canal, went specially from New York to the Canal, that she might be the first woman to voyage on it.—Lady Meux, whose theatrical performance in aid of the Naval Disasters Fund was a great success, is the wife of Admiral Sir Hedworth Meux, Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth. She was formerly known as the Hon. Mildred Sturt, daughter of Lord Alington, and is the widow of Viscount Chelsea.—Lord Elgin, who was born in May 1849, was married, in 1876,

to Lady Constance Mary Carnegie, who died in 1909. He is best known, perhaps, as an ex-Viceroy of India. His second wife is a daughter of Commander W. Sherbrooke, R.N., of Oxtot, Notts.—Miss Lyon is the daughter of Mr. Arthur O. Lyon, J.P., and of Mrs. Lyon, of 95, Elm Park Gardens.—Miss Cave is the only daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Cave, of Carshalton Park House, and of Mrs. Cave, of Templeton Place, Kensington. She is a niece of Mr. George Cave, M.P.

Photographs by C.N., Russell, Sarony, and Lafayette.

A SUSAN LION AND A BANANA-EATING SEA-LION.



THE LARGEST OF THE PALACES BUILT BY THE ACHAEMENID KINGS AS PROVIDER OF DECORATION FOR AN EMINENT LONDON SURGEON'S HOME: A LION ATTACKING A BULL; IN SIR JOHN BLAND-SUTTON'S HOUSE.

Sir John Bland-Sutton, the eminent surgeon, has in his house at 47, Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, one of the most curious rooms in London—a reproduction of the Apadana, or Hall of Honour, of the Palace of Artaxerxes Mnemon at Susa, the largest of the palaces built by the Achaemenid kings.

This was discovered in 1896. The lion and archer frieze, the bull capital and bases were deposited in the Louvre, and from these details the room in Brook Street was constructed. The Hall is one of the comparatively few buildings in the Bible whose ruins have been identified.

Photograph by Sport and General.



EATING AN UNDER-WATER MEAL, WITH A SEA-LION AS CHIEF GUEST: DIVERS SHARING BANANAS WITH A FUR-COATED FRIEND.

Our photograph shows the Brothers Travilla eating bananas and sharing that fruit with a sea-lion while under water in a tank in the Winter Gardens, Berlin. One of the performers has remained under water for four minutes.

The French record for a stay under water is 4 minutes 31 seconds; the world's record 4 minutes 46 seconds. Sea-lions are also known as fur-seals. They have a woolly under-fur, the "seal-skin" of commerce.



By GRANT RICHARDS.

(Author of "Coviere" and "Valentine.")

IF I say at once that I am one of those gastronomic puritans who disapprove altogether of music at either of the serious meals of the day, of music and of anything else that distracts the mind from the two businesses proper to the moment, eating and talking, then I know that I put myself out of court. Tea is not a very serious meal, but yet its degradation in these latter days is to be regretted by anyone who remembers its old courtliness, its sobriety, its habit of domestic calm. The association of the Tango with tea is unholy, and also, I am sure, bound to defeat its own ends. The orgy on which London has embarked with such surprising lack of control is too foreign to last very long.

I say no word against the "professors" of the dance; indeed, I say no word against the dance itself, which I find charming if immoral; and least of all do I say a word against the very attractive young ladies who, with a complete equipment of five hundred—or some such number—of recondite steps, have exemplified so immediately the fact that demand always creates supply. My little protest is only to be registered against the institution of the Tango Tea. And I can protest with the more open heart in that I have never participated in a Tango Tea in England, and hope to avoid all temptation to do so until that day when the last "professor" will have bowed his thanks to his last suburban audience and to his fair partner and will have retired to those obscure regions behind the orchestra.

How, I wonder, did it all come about? Those of us who had long been familiar with this kind of thing in Paris or New York took it for granted, I fancy, that the more strait-laced attitude of the English people, to say nothing of the licensing laws, would make its exploitation quite impossible on this side of the Channel. But ap-

parently nothing is impossible if one only begins quietly enough. The thin end of the wedge is still the most potent weapon. Considering the matter historically, I daresay the Tango would have come and gone by now if it had not been for the outraged sentiments of the indignant Peeress whose letter to the *Times* it was which inaugurated the Tango era. She, if I remember rightly, found the dance so outrageous, so immoral in its implications—and so I daresay it is, but I am not prepared to swear to it, although my almost excessive familiarity with its details has been gained in surroundings less restrained—that she evoked support against it and prayed that it might for ever be eliminated from our social life. Oh, charming simplicity! Never did dance have greater advertisement. Immediately the Tango was the rage.

But that a dance should become the rage on the stage or in the ball-room is one thing; it is a very different matter that it should have succeeded in altering all our habits, our cherished preconceptions about our law and life. I can imagine the directors of the first restaurant which, greatly daring, embarked on the experiment of the Tango Tea, doing so with the utmost fear and trembling. Surely it was possible that they would be hauled off to Bow Street. But nothing happened: they got away with it. And now we have no place, unless it be very small or very *bourgeois*, in which we can feel ourselves free.

Tea used to be such a jolly, quiet meal. To take it out of one's own home or that of a friend was regrettable, of course, but still one could make the most, or least, of the public atmosphere. The only trouble was that the actual tea was so bad, that if one wanted China tea one got Indian, and if one asked for Indian one was liable to get an infusion of straw. (The priestly-looking gentlemen who preside over the destinies of our great hotels should really consider seriously the question of tea-making. They are specialists in flavour—why not consider the flavour of tea?) In the background in more recent years there was music, and even at tea music seems to me out of place, but looking back now I can see that I was unreasonable. If only we could go back to music!

The institutions of the Tango Tea, the "Tango Souper," and the "Tango Champagne" are all of them unsuitable to this country, foreign to its genius. The right way to behave at a restaurant at which the Tango is danced among the tables is a way ludicrously impossible for the English people to achieve. One mustn't, as one respects one's reputation for never being surprised, never being taken at a disadvantage, cease one's attention to the business in hand; one mustn't, however elaborate and astonishing the gyrations of the slowly revolving couples may be, divert one's eyes for more than a brief, fleeting moment from one's guest or hostess. The dancers should be incidental to the food. It is ridiculous to consider the food incidental to the dancers.

And yet I will wager that at all the Tango Teas in London the whole audience behaves as if it were at a circus, that people crowd from their seats, push in front of one another, interrupt one another's view. . . . In fact, they very improperly behave as if they wanted to see the dancing, as if that was what they had come for, as if the tea was only an excuse.

My own heart goes out to a man whom I saw entertaining his three little boys—the eldest twelve, I should say, the youngest seven—at a crowded and fashionable Tango Tea in Ostend. Here evidently was an opportunity for inculcating discipline, English control. "You may see as much as you can see without standing up and without turning round. You came here to drink tea and to eat cakes. Now don't stare. But have some more cakes."



WITH THE MEYNELL: MISS A. STRUTT PHOTOGRAPHING SOME FRIENDS.



WITH THE MEYNELL: MRS. HOLDEN ON A MOUNTING-STONE.



WITH THE MEYNELL: MR. FRANK NEWTON, A FORMER SECRETARY OF THE HUNT; MR. WINTERBOTTOM; AND MRS. ELLISON.

Photographs by Howard Barrett.

AFTER DINNER !



THE RISKY STORY!

DRAWN BY DUDLEY TENNANT.



PANTING POETRY—WHERE ARE THE VERBS OF YESTERYEAR?

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

THERE is no medium so persuasive as the human voice. Write, and we set people thinking (perhaps)! Thinking means being the field of a mental combat. Talk, and we make them vibrate, pulsate, then yield softly—passively forget their aggressive and pitiless reason, as snakes forget their power under the paralyzing charm of music. For two hours on Monday evening, the 17th, at the Poets' Club dinner, I almost became a Futurist—or rather, I nearly let my volition become impregnated with the violent, rebellious, electric volition of Signor Marinetti, the progressist leader, the banner-man of Change, the Knight of To-morrow: for two hours, but for two hours only—while he stood a few inches from my chair, his fingers restless on the white table-cloth, straining his body, his mind, his voice, giving all himself, as a herald in love with the news he brings, as a father with a new-born babe in his arms—a babe that will live, that must live in spite of its strange newness, in spite of its enemies, the evil-wishing witches unbid at the christening; as a torch swaying yet strong, that makes of the stone image of yesterday a pillar of fire, a light as of a dawn. For two hours the Regent Rooms at the Monico echoed with impassioned clamours. Signor Marinetti does not speak—he cries out his faith as one shrieks out one's torment. And faith is indeed a torment, and the younger the creed the more laborious the pain. The Futurist founder has risen not only to build, but first to destroy. His cry is: "Run, run, run! Throw all that is weighty! Throw the things of yesterday behind you, and burn all temples, burn even your homes to have a clear space to run in—run!" His creed is disdain of the dead and death to the dust. Signor Marinetti will have it that all that is past is useless, and not only useless, but detrimental, forgetting that evolution is never premeditated, but accomplishes itself; that Art is a circle, and that the Futurist poetry is perversely like prehistoric poetry—words *sans* syntax, actions *sans* transitions, colours *sans* nuances. Concentrated brevity is the aim of futurist poetry, as it was the result of primitive poetry—attained by the former voluntarily, through contempt for form; by the latter of necessity, through "easy-to-pleaseness" and lack of vocabulary. Beauty and truth have no age. Signor Marinetti's declaration that the form and substance and method of fabrication of a bottle interest him more than the face of a beautiful woman in tears simply shows that, for him, Art—or, to quote him, the "exuberant expression of our temperament"—is shaking off the human element. When everyone shall think the same, then Art will be dead, because it is not ink or paint or sound that

feeds Art, but our very life-blood. Poems are born of pain; songs are born of joy; the reproductions of face and form are the poignant memories of passionate emotions evoked by human beings. As long as we have a sex, as long as we are fathers, mothers, children, lovers, friends, Art will be human and will express human feelings. Art, creator of thrills, was created by a thrill. A bottle is a very interesting object, because it is made by man's intelligence for man's convenience—of the two, man is the more interesting. If man chose to drink in the hollow of his hand he would be as near the gods as with a flagon by his side. Living things alone are lovable or hateful, and love and hate, in spite of Signor Marinetti, will remain the twin sources of Art. Things made out of matter are interesting or admirable, but only *par rapport* to man, and because his hand is still on them. Listen to that divinest of instruments, a man's voice singing a love-song—it matters not how stupid it is, if only it is elemental enough; and then think of that wonderful invention of man—a gramophone; and I bet that, one thing leading to another, you will think of a hammer—a strong, solid, heavy hammer. Oh, man, thy works are so unworthy of thee!

Signor Marinetti seems to believe that we have a new soul because there are many new things on the market. Nothing has been achieved that had not been dreamt by man long, long ago on his bed of dead leaves and bear-skins.

He dreamt he was an eagle, cruel and swift in the empty firmament. He dreamt in the spring, alone in the forest, of a female voice, a

female that he could not see, that had been stunned and carried away by another male, and the sound of her far-away voice, brought by the waves of the air, knocking itself against each tree-trunk, made the hair on his terrific arms stand up and his skin shiver. He dreamt of making his bark-canoe stronger and more durable, so that he could go and see what was at the other side of the world. And we have the aeroplane, the telephone, and the turbine steamer. And man is still man—in spite of his tailor. And a poet will always be the alembic where human sensations are distilled into Art; and there will always be lovers of life who will sip it slowly. There will always be lovers of lanes and pastures wherein to meander dreamily, wherein to stretch and nibble at tall grasses while thinking in *sonnets*. Signor Marinetti will call them contemptuously the Passéists (they who worship the Past), but

if they are wise they will try to be neither Passéists nor Futurists, but "Presentists." With these I want to throw in my lot. I have no patience with lovers in a hurry and poets out of breath!



THE SILVER WEDDING OF MR. AND MRS. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN: MR. AND MRS. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN ARRIVING AT PRINCE'S GARDENS WITH PRESENTS.



TWENTY-FIVE YEARS WEDDED TO A GREAT BRITISH POLITICIAN: MRS. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN—PHOTOGRAPHED ON HER SILVER WEDDING DAY.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain celebrated the other day, at 40, Prince's Gardens, the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding, which took place in Washington, in 1888, when Mr. Chamberlain was on a political mission to the United States. Mrs. Chamberlain's father, Mr. W. C. Endicott, was Secretary for War in President Cleveland's first Administration. Mr. Chamberlain was first married, in 1861, to Miss Harriet Kenrick (daughter of Mr. Archibald Kenrick, of Berrow Court, Edgbaston, who died in 1863. He was married secondly, in 1868, to Florence, daughter of Mr. Timothy Kenrick. She died in 1875.

Photographs by Topical.

When Science Creates! Recipes for the Biological Frankenstein.



WHAT WE WANT FROM THE LABORATORY. No. II.—TANGO-MEN, TO PARTNER THE WALL-FLOWERS.

Science, some say, can make living creatures. The world is rather overcrowded as it is, so we suggest that those concerned restrict themselves to the construction of beings that might really be useful. Our Artist offers some helpful hints, and others will follow later.

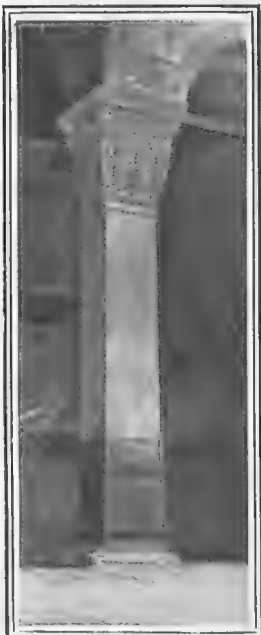
DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



AN EXPERIENCE FOR NO MAN: A DAY IN THE MOON.*

The Length of the Journey—A Mere 238,833 Miles.

Despite the title of his latest work, the Abbé Moreux, great guide to the wonders of the Heavens, cannot take you to the Moon in the flesh. You wouldn't like it if he did! The journey would not be so tiresomely long. By walking over eighteen miles a day, like the country postman, you could get there in thirty-five years. An you be an airman flying, say, 62½ miles an hour, you could cover the 238,833 miles in about 160 days of non-stop flight. "On the day when men have at their disposal an explosive powerful enough to give to a shell an initial velocity of 12 kilometres (7½ miles) per second, the shell shot into the air would never come back to Earth. The so-called civilised nations could then find in the exercise of 'shooting the Moon' a strong counter-attraction to the folly of mutually bombarding each other. Under such conditions the shots sent from the Earth might serve as mail-coaches, and take letters to our brethren, the Selenites, in less than a working day of twelve hours"—but, unfortunately, there is not the least likelihood of there being even a single man—or woman—in the Moon!



72507 Germany
SUPPOSED TO CURE SORE EYES: THE "SWEATING" COLUMN IN ST. SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE.

Photograph by E. M. Antoniadi.

The Airless Road.

As to the Earth-creature's progress towards his planet's suburban neighbour, there are many obstacles. It will want something of "G. K. C.'s" Magic, allied to something more than a Shavian super-man, before the end can be attained. "At about six miles above the surface of the earth respiration becomes painful; at about twelve miles the air is so rarefied that no animal 'worthy of the name' could live there, even for the briefest moment. Organic germs like bacteria and vibrios would, however, survive. Carried to those lofty regions by whirlwinds (which, by the way, are not very frequent events), they would come down again uninjured from their perilous ascent. At 160 miles there is proof that there is still an atmosphere, but so attenuated, so slight, that it is almost an abuse of language to give the name to even the sum-total of the molecules to be found there."

On the Moon. Even suppose the journey were possible, what would be the reward? Things strange, certainly; but insupportable. There is no dawn to herald sunrise on the moon; but there is the zodiacal light, ten times more brilliant than with us. "For a few minutes the chromosphere is in sight. . . . Then all of a sudden blue rays of light, so strong that the eye cannot endure them, dart from the distant horizon. . . . Isles of brightness seem to rise up around us as the summits catch the sunlight. The day has come"—and with it, what? Huge "craters" of volcanoes, ramparts of the inner substances of the Moon, with the fiery mountains proper encircled by them; absence of air, or any gas that can be breathed; no water; frightful precipices; steep declivities; awful desolation; "not a patch of moss, not a heath-grown ledge, to soften the rocky ridges and sharp-cut edges of these abrupt surfaces; not even the lowest form of plant-life, not a lichen, to attenuate the wild aspect of the landscape and give it

even the slightest appearance of life." And with all this, "at the lunar moon—that is to say, when the Sun has completed half its course across the sky—the ground will be heated to such a degree that it would immediately roast any organic substance placed upon its surface. The temperature would be above 212 degrees, and during the long lunar night of about two weeks, a gas thermometer would indicate a cold of some 300 degrees below zero." These are a few of the drawbacks; and there is also—if that can be called a drawback—the fact that, there being no atmosphere on the Moon to filter the Sun's rays before they reach the ground, the dominant note of the landscape is a blue colour. "And this is why the Sun seen thence looks like an electric arc, a gigantic lamp of glittering blue; a gleaming mass whose fierce, blinding light adds all the more to the impression of coldness produced by the sight of a world rigid in death—unreal and yet existing, gloomy, yet full of light, blue and black at the same time."



72507 Germany
SIGN-MANUAL OF THE SULTAN WHO CAPTURED CONSTANTINOPLE IN 1453: THE MARK OF A HAND ON A COLUMN OF ST. SOPHIA; SAID TO HAVE BEEN MADE BY MOHAMMED II. WHILE THE HORSE HE WAS RIDING WAS STANDING ON THE BODIES OF CHRISTIANS.

Mohammed II., who was born in 1430 and died in 1481, began to reign when he was twenty-one and, in 1453, captured Constantinople, which he made the capital of his Empire.

From a Drawing by E. M. Antoniadi.

The Wily Astrologer.

Buy and read "A Day in the Moon" at once. You will be mightily pleased with it—as pleased as the wily astrologer Galeotti was with himself after he had circumvented Louis XI. The King was in a bad humour one day, says the Abbé Moreux, and sent for Galeotti, saying to him: "As by your own claim you know everything, tell me when you will die." Alas for Galeotti! He knew the King had told his people that as soon as they had a sign from him they were to put the astrologer into a sack and throw him into the river. . . . His ready wit saved him. . . . 'Sire,' he replied. . . . 'I have carefully consulted the stars on the subject, and they tell me I shall die just three days before your Majesty.' The King was very superstitious, but perhaps he did not believe this; nevertheless, he took care not to carry out his plan. 'After all,' he thought, 'one can never be certain.' There was a king wise in his day!

The Moon for Olympic-Gamers!

Advantages to the human? You would of a surety seem a strong man according to your familiar standards—quite an Olympic-Games giant! "Take, for instance, a rock which you would judge to weigh exactly one hundred pounds here on the earth. Lift it in your arms on the Moon, and you would feel as if you were holding up barely twenty pounds." Think, too, what a "lifter" you would be! "Before jumping over an obstacle, or leaping across a mass of sloping débris or an open crevasse, you will do well to be careful, and to remind yourself that an effort which would enable you 'in your own country' to make a jump of six feet would carry you to a distance of thirty-six feet on the surface of the Moon."



TO BE DINED TO-MORROW: DR. GEORGE BRANDES, THE FAMOUS DANISH AUTHOR AND CRITIC.

It is arranged that Dr. Brandes shall be dined to-morrow (Nov. 27) by his admirers—men and women, Sir Sidney Lee in the chair, and Lord Lytton, Sir J. M. Barrie, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Messrs. John Masefield and John Galsworthy amongst the Committee. According to programme, Dr. Brandes lectures six times in London, between Nov. 25 and Dec. 5, and, later and finally, at the Garrick Theatre. Dr. Brandes is, of course, especially known here by his studies of Shakespeare and Ibsen.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

* "A Day in the Moon." By the Abbé Th. Moreux, Director of the Bourges Observatory. With Forty Illustrations from Photographs and Drawings. (Hutchinson and Co.; 3s. 6d. net.

ANOTHER BÂTON CHARGE.



DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNER (*held up as he tries to struggle through a concert-hall crush*): Büt I must get droo. I'm der conductor!
POLICEMAN: Oh, are yer? Well, if yer don't 'op back on yer 'bus I'll take yer number.

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



A Novel in a Nutshell

A MARTIAL COURTSHIP.

By MAJOR F. A. SYMONS.

CAPTAIN ANTOINE ST. JUST, at the head of his troop of Green Hussars, rode into the little township at sunset, and dismounted before the *hôtel de ville*.

A moment later the *maire* stood obsequiously at his elbow.

St. Just's business was soon completed. Giving his orders for the billets for the night, he hastened towards the outskirts of the town. With spurs and sabre rattling upon the cobbles, he turned from the main thoroughfare into a quiet side-street. Dense masses of clouds and the sighing of the wind amidst the leafless branches of the poplars proclaimed a stormy night. Glancing at the sky, Antoine's eyes glowed with satisfaction as he reached a massive door in the stone wall on his left.

He gave the bell a hearty pull. In a few minutes the loosening of chains and bolts was heard; then an ancient servitor stood timidly on the threshold.

"Good evening, my fat Jean! How goes it?" cried Antoine.

The old man threw up his hands in astonishment.

"Ah! May I be boiled if it is not Monsieur le Capitaine himself. - Welcome, Monsieur, welcome!" cried he.

Antoine's stomach cried out for food. Conversation could wait.

"As you love me, friend Jean, give me supper, and that right quickly," demanded he.

Jean closed the door with many grunts, and pushed home the bolts.

"A roast capon and a veal pasty is to hand, Monsieur Antoine. If these and a flagon of Burgundy will satisfy a brave soldier, they shall be served before the vesper bell can toll a dozen times."

"Not another word!" exclaimed Antoine heartily. "I will but pay my respects to my worthy uncle, and then, my good Jean, I fear your pasty shall have short shrift, not to mention the Burgundy."

Jean halted in his hurried trot, and his face fell.

"But has not Monsieur heard news of my master, then?" inquired he.

"News! No. What news? I fear I have had scant time to remember my relatives lately, except when the smell of their kitchens calls me."

"Why, Monsieur l'Abbé has been absent these ten days on a visit to the Bishop d'Alençon," explained the old man.

"*Ma foi!* Judging by your face, I thought my uncle had at least taken to his bed with a fit of apoplexy."

"God forbid!" exclaimed Jean, crossing himself.

"And so say I," said Antoine. "But as it has not so happened, my appetite is still with me. So bestir yourself, whilst I discard my trappings."

Ten minutes later the panelled dining-room presented an aspect of genial comfort which filled Antoine with delight. A great fire of logs burned in the grate, and a pasty, with crisp brown crust, gave forth an aroma sufficient to tempt a much more capricious appetite than that of a weary captain of horse.

"As I represent the flesh, and you the spirit, my excellent Jean, I beg of you to say grace while I attack the pasty," cried the Hussar.

Jean, as ordered, began to mumble in the Latin tongue, but before he had fairly started, the famished Antoine, with graceless and irreverent haste, cried out, "Amen."

Later, Antoine lay back in his chair and twisted the stem of his glass in the firelight. Suddenly he broke into a guffaw of laughter.

"Listen, Jean, whilst I unfold a scheme of delight for which this ruby wine must surely be responsible," said he.

"A scheme, *mon Capitaine!*"

"*Mais oui*, a most excellent idea. For this night only I would be an Abbé."

"An Abbé, Monsieur?" gasped Jean impotently.

"Yes. Listen! I think it probable that your worthy *maire* may billet another hungry officer or two upon you. Now, with your help, assisted by the envelopment of my unworthy carcass within a cassock of my reverend uncle, I intend to receive such a guest."

"But, Monsieur, I dare not," cried Jean, in alarm.

"You risk nothing, my faithful one."

"But, *mon Capitaine!*"

With a bound Antoine was on his legs. Indifferent to Jean's attempts at delay, he drove the perspiring old man out of the room before him.

Within a few minutes the servant had deposited a pair of candlesticks before a mirror in the Abbé's own room. A velvet skull-cap quickly concealed the soldier's deficiency of tonsure. Silver-buckled shoes and the usual cassock completed the transformation.

Presently a loud clanging of the outside bell echoed through the house.

"Ah!" chuckled Antoine. "Run you and admit our visitor, whilst I compose my features into a proper expression of sanctity."

With a shrug of his shoulders, Jean clattered off down the staircase.

"And who knocks so loudly at this time of night?" grumbled the old man, withdrawing the bolts.

"A tired wayfarer, good Sir," answered a cloaked figure.

"Humph!"

"I am not a soldier, and can claim no right of billet, but as the inns are full, I beg that you will convey my respects to your reverend master with a request for shelter for the night. My horse is at the inn."

Jean eyed the slight figure askance. A clean-shaven, sensitive mouth showed above the upturned collar of the heavy cloak, and a pair of smiling blue eyes shot an appealing glance upwards.

"My master bids all welcome," sighed Jean. "So follow me, young Sir."

The stranger carried a pair of well-filled saddle-bags, and, as Jean ushered him into a bedroom, he still wore his hat. He said nothing until the servant had lit the candles and retreated; then he laughed contentedly—

"Oh, that dreadful inn! It is indeed lucky that I have fallen within the peaceful precincts of the Church."

Casting hat and cloak upon the bed, the graceful figure was now, in the full candle-light, revealed to be that of a woman. The large blue eyes twinkled mischievously; with a bewitching curl of sensitive lips, she continued to laugh softly as she rapidly unpacked the details of a woman's wardrobe from the saddle-bags.

"A happy thought indeed—these clothes!" murmured she. "What would his Reverence think if he knew that he had admitted a woman—and an actress at that—to his sacred dwelling?" Yawning wearily, she threw a pair of muddy boots into a corner. "Mademoiselle Denise and Monsieur l'Abbé! The Church and the Théâtre Républicaine! No doubt, both might profit by the acquaintanceship."

A knock at the door recalled her abruptly to herself.

"It is I, Monsieur," called Jean. "My master bids you to supper."

"Please convey my thanks," answered she, indifferently subduing the laughter in her voice. "He will not, I imagine," she added to herself, "be so gracious when the swish of my skirts, instead of the expected rattle of spurs, crosses his floor."

The "Abbé" at the moment was sitting before the library fire arranging the unaccustomed folds of his cassock about his knees. A series of thunderous knocks upon the street door suddenly brought him to his feet.

"What now?" exclaimed he, listening intently.

For the third time that night Jean could be heard laboriously unfastening the bolts.

"*Hola, mon garçon!*" cried a boisterous voice. "My compliments to Monsieur l'Abbé—accompanied by this *lettre de billet* from Monsieur le Maire."

"Your name, Monsieur?" demanded Jean humbly.

"Le Capitaine Jacques Gaspard, of the Chasseurs of Gascogne. And please note, old man, that I have not fed for many hours. So stir those old bones of yours."

Slamming the door, he pushed Jean unceremoniously aside and clanked down the passage.

Antoine heard them coming. He was not personally acquainted with Captain Gaspard, which was fortunate. He waited expectantly. Presently, the voice of Jean was heard expostulating. A diffident knock followed.

"Monsieur le Capitaine Gaspard!" announced Jean.

"At your service, Monsieur l'Abbé," cried the Gascon, pushing his way forward.

"A *lettre de billet*," explained Jean.

"I am always happy to welcome brave soldiers, Monsieur le Capitaine," said the new-born Abbé, beaming upon the brusque soldier with an air of simple kindness. "Supper is waiting."

The Gascon, somewhat subdued, stood aside.

"I follow you to supper, Monsieur l'Abbé, with gratitude," answered he.

The sight of the dining-table, loaded with dishes, filled the Gascon with eagerness. Forgetting his reverence for the Church, he unbuckled his sword, and, without more ado, tucked a napkin beneath his chin.

[Continued overleaf.]

FOR SALE.

SHOCKS.

FOR SALE.



STAGE-MANAGER (during a rehearsal of a storm): Where's the thunder?
STAGE HAND: He's just gone out to have a drink with the lightning.

DRAWN BY SEYMOUR HURLEY.



THE PUP (gaily advancing to the attack): I'm a devil for cats!

DRAWN BY SEYMOUR HURLEY.

FOR SALE.



THE FARMER (pained): An' then you chaps 'ave the sauce to send a deputation to say your hours are too long! Wy—wy—where else will you find a boss 'oo gives you fourteen good hours to get a day's work done in?

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.

Suddenly Antoine's ear was caught by the sound of a soft foot-step. As he watched the door, it slowly opened. For the instant his tongue failed him. He sat in spell-bound amazement. Framed in the doorway stood a woman.

She was daintily dressed in some filmy silken material. As her gaze met his, he noted a pair of twinkling blue eyes, pregnant with mirth, smiling at his speechlessness. But the smile was as short-lived as a flash of light, for as she opened the door still further and revealed to her view the burly back of the Gascon, she drew back with a startled cry of chagrin.

The Gascon, twirling about in his seat, sprang to the door and threw it wide open.

"By Jupiter! Mademoiselle Denise!" ejaculated he with a gasp. Mademoiselle curtsied mockingly.

"An unexpected pleasure, Captain Gaspard," said she.

The Gascon, with suddenly aroused suspicions, turned towards Antoine. But the silent Abbé made no sign. Antoine recognised the girl well enough. He had seen the famous actress at the theatre in Paris. Who had not?

"So it would appear," retorted the Gascon.

"But none the less welcome," intervened Antoine. "If Mademoiselle can trust the protection of the Church, I hope she will honour us by joining in our supper."

"*Merci*, Monsieur. As I have not supped, and if Captain Gaspard will not glare so fiercely, I shall be glad."

"Perhaps I am *de trop*?" sneered the Gascon.

"I fail to understand," replied Antoine blandly.

Gaspard was obviously still undecided. If his host was acting, he certainly did it well. An Abbé, despite his innocent face, was not, of necessity, without his amours.

"And may I ask to what fortunate chance we owe the addition of such a charming presence to our meal?" said Antoine.

"The guardianship of the Church seemed so attractive, Monsieur l'Abbé, that I fear I neglected to announce my sex to your servant," replied she demurely.

"But when I saw you in Paris, not over a week ago, you mentioned nothing of a journey," cried Gaspard angrily.

"Silence is golden, Monsieur. And, perhaps—I say, *perhaps*—I should have found the attentions of a certain captain of chasseurs somewhat embarrassing en route."

She laughed lightly, watching with amusement the varying expressions of uncertainty and chagrin playing across the Gascon's visage.

"Humph!" grunted Gaspard.

The girl's idea of amusing herself at the Abbé's expense had again asserted itself. To tease Gaspard, and at the same time to gain a victory over a handsome young Abbé, was worth an effort.

Antoine was content to watch the scene. With each bumper of wine the Gascon's ardour increased. The girl was possessed with the spirit of mischief. She drank to the Abbé with a saucy challenge that drove the Gascon to desperation.

At last the latter, by a dexterous movement, succeeded in clasping the girl about the waist. The next instant she had escaped and fled behind the chair of her host.

"No, no, Monsieur," cried she. "I claim the protection of the Church."

"One kiss, even beneath the shadow of the Church, can do no harm," argued Gaspard.

"Monsieur le Capitaine," interposed Antoine gravely, "I protest." Gaspard, murmuring a half-hearted apology, returned to his seat.

Had either of them studied the face of Denise, he would have surprised a sudden flash of mischievous intent within her eyes which was no sooner apparent than acted upon.

"And the Church is worthy of its reward," whispered she into her host's ear.

Antoine, turning, looked upwards to guess her meaning. She laughed softly. Then, before he could determine her intention, he found a pair of soft arms encircling his neck from behind. The next moment there fell upon his cheek as hearty a kiss as ever he himself had given.

"*Sacré!*" ejaculated the Gascon. "This is too much!"

St. Just's first impulse would have led him to return the kiss with interest. But although the laughing girl still stood facing him with challenging eyes, he restrained himself bravely.

"Calm yourself, Captain Gaspard!" said he sternly.

"The jade!" muttered the Gascon, biting his moustache.

"Mademoiselle, I wish you a very good night," said Antoine, with dignity. "The hour is late. With your leave, I will call my servant to bring you a candle."

As he spoke, he calmly pulled the bell-rope.

Mademoiselle flushed to her eyebrows. Then, without so much as a word, she swept from the room.

The Gascon finished his wine at a draught, angrily stamped his foot, and left the room also.

Antoine, chuckling softly to himself, slowly followed.

At break of day the blare of trumpets echoed through the cloisters.

Antoine sprang from his bed. Pouring a jug of cold water over his head, the remembrance of his over-night adventure brought a guffaw of laughter to his lips.

"Who would believe that I, Antoine St. Just, failed to repay a lady's kiss?" muttered he.

Below stairs, Jean hastily spread a breakfast.

Mademoiselle Denise, again dressed in her boy's clothes, was the first to appear. Her mind was obviously preoccupied. Now and again she frowned, and clenched her small hands beneath her cloak. She was not accustomed to rebuffs where her favours were concerned. The recollection of the previous night's affair was intolerable.

A minute later, the sound of jingling spurs resounded down the stairs. Mademoiselle toyed with a fricassee, her eyes cast in strict attention to her plate. The new arrival failed to attract a single glance in his direction. She expected the Gascon. He it was who should have the full benefit of her wounded pride.

"Mademoiselle, you are early afield," murmured a gentle voice.

"Has the protection of the Church so rapidly lost its savour?"

Blushing, she raised her eyes; then stared in tongue-tied bewilderment as she saw the figure of a laughing Hussar swinging his busby in his hand.

"Mademoiselle," said he, his eyes glistening with purpose, "I have a debt to pay."

The girl flushed hotly, but the anger had left her face. No word did she answer.

Laughing softly, Antoine stepped nearer. Denise instinctively raised her hands to protect herself. Before she could stay him, however, his arm was about her supple figure, and his lips met hers in a kiss that had lost nothing by delay in payment.

"*Mille diables!*" cried an angry voice from the doorway. "Is it not enough to kiss an Abbé before my very eyes, but that you must rise betimes to caress a soldier?"

The girl sprang back from Antoine. Her head proudly erect, she faced the Gascon scornfully.

"You capricious minx!" continued the latter. Then, recognising with a gasp the countenance of her companion, the trick that had been played upon him, and the wasted reverence bestowed upon the fictitious Abbé overnight, he stood transfixed in impotent astonishment.

The sound of a trumpet recalled the soldiers to their senses.

Antoine hastily swallowed some food, watching Mademoiselle the while with humorous glances. She had soon recovered her equilibrium, and stood, ready for her journey, adjusting her hat. Of the Gascon's presence she seemed to be entirely oblivious.

The latter devoured his meal savagely, glaring now at the girl, and then at Antoine.

"I must away, *ma belle*," cried Antoine, springing to his feet.

"And may I ask you who you may be—you who play fast and loose with an Abbé's household?" blustered the Gascon at last.

Antoine laughed lightly. Opening the door, he stood with the knob in his hand.

"And you, Mademoiselle—are you not for the road also?" asked he, smiling.

"As I would seem still to need the protection of the Church," answered she, with a merry laugh, "I am quite ready, Monsieur le Capitaine."

Gaspard sprang up, his face aflame with passion.

"Give my best respects to my reverend uncle, my good Jean, and do not fail to inform him that I upheld the honour of his house with dignity," said Antoine, dexterously helping the lady into her saddle.

"Ah, Monsieur, Monsieur!" groaned Jean, his hands raised to the heavens.

"*Bon jour, mon ami!*" called Mademoiselle, waving her hand towards the Gascon's motionless figure.

"And what for me?" asked Antoine tenderly, as they rode away together.

The morning sunlight shone gloriously from an almost cloudless sky. A soft zephyr played with the tendrils of the girl's fair hair as Antoine watched for his answer. For the moment she said nothing. Then, glancing coquettishly beneath her long lashes at the debonair figure in green and gold beside her, she spurred her horse into a trot.

"And for you, Monsieur—what you may win," answered she softly. "But you must not forget that it was the Abbé I kissed, and not the soldier. What I would freely give to the Church, a mere soldier may fail ever to win."

Antoine laughed gaily. "Concerning which, Mademoiselle, we will argue as we ride," replied he.

"Am I worth so much argument?" questioned she demurely.

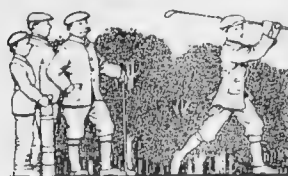
"To me the argument is growing more worth every moment," whispered he. "We will meet again—if I die for it."

Denise flashed a searching glance at his face as he leaned towards her. There was no time to spare in talk, as the troop were already awaiting their captain. What she saw within his eyes seemed to satisfy her questioning soul. At all events, she made no further protest.

"As you will," whispered she.

It was not until some months later that the Abbé's demesne was again honoured by the presence of Captain St. Just and Mademoiselle Denise. At sunset they drove into his courtyard, and within an hour the good old Abbé had united his scapegrace nephew and the lady he had won in the bonds of holy matrimony.

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

WHO IS THE "FATHER" OF GOLF? SOME VETERANS OF THE GAME AND THEIR FEATS.

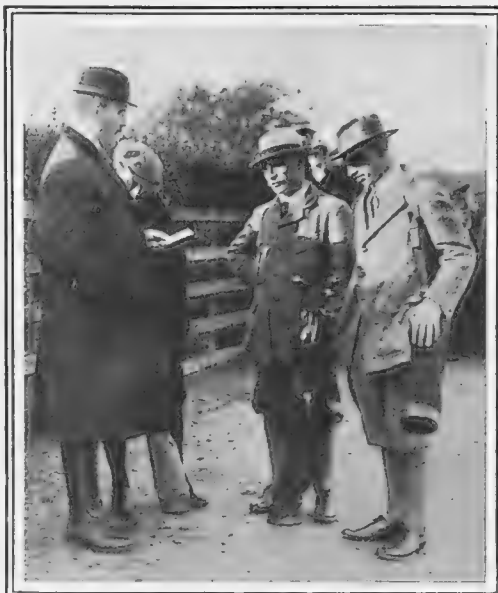
The Grand Old Men of Golf.

Who should now be considered the "father" of the game, meaning not, of course, the originator—for the men who first played something like the golf we have departed ages back—but he who is in the most senior position at the present time? In settling this question, we should have to decide whether we insisted on the man being at present an active participant, or merely one who has done all the rounds he intends doing in this world and now lives in happiness on his reflections and remembrances of the past. I believe that the country simply swarms with players, active golfers, who are septuagenarians, and more than that, but who are, despite this achievement in age, improving their game daily and getting their handicaps down. Beyond a doubt, there are many good players of eighty years of age and over. When I was last down at Westward Ho! I had the honour and pleasure of a game with Captain Gordon, who was one of the participants in the famous octogenarian foursome that took place a few years back, and is now creeping up to the age of ninety. At that time he was thinking of building himself a house near the course. His game was wonderfully steady—in fact, it is steadiness that is the distinguishing feature of the play of the most advanced veterans. They never—or hardly ever—fozzle; now and then they take a stroke more than bogey to a hole, and do condemn themselves most grievously for the occurrence; but you will find that, in a general way, it is less use hoping to win a hole when you have missed your tee shot if the match is against an enthusiast of seventy than when you are opposed to some great big strong fellow of thirty years or so. This seems absurd, but there is a sound reason for it. The old man, being clearly a sportsman, a golfer, and one who has taken great care of himself and kept constantly in practice, is probably as sound in nerve as anyone, and all his years of golf have given him a mechanical accuracy and certainty which do tell wonderfully in the play; while he gains enormously by his short and careful play. I know some hundreds of players who may please themselves with the reflection that they will be far better golfers when they become old men than they are now. They will have done with all the hard hitting and the slashing, and they will play a straight and simple game, and be bunkered far less often. They will be very happy.

Their Liveliness and Earnestness.

Until just lately there was a wonderful veteran down at the Mid-Surrey Club, Mr. T. E.

Lewis. He lived somewhere in Kennington, was over eighty years of age, and used to cycle down to the Mid-Surrey course every day for his game. When he was nearly eighty years of age, he did a hole in one. After he had qualified for a place among the distinguished octogenarians, we used to see him practising new sorts of swings at the net. He was studying Vardon's book at the time, and he used to come in and argue with us that there were some points in the great master's teaching that were a little doubtful, and he would tell us why. Round about this time the story was circulated that he had got himself into difficulties with the police for furiously riding his bicycle between his home and the course, but I never discovered the exact truth about that business. I have an idea that, as things are, if there were a plébiscite on the question, the Earl of Wemyss would be elected to the honourable position of the "father" of golf. He has been a wonderfully keen player in his time, and is one of the greatest living representatives of the finest old school. He would never hear of playing golf with iron clubs, which he thoroughly abhorred. Limericks and other kinds of verses have been composed about his prejudices in this matter, and his general accomplishments as a golfer. He is now ninety-five years of age, and does not, I think, play any more; and this is the only thing against his being appointed to the honourable office I have mentioned.



THE QUESTION OF GOLF ON MITCHAM COMMON: WOULD-BE PLAYERS TOLD BY THE COMMON-KEEPER THAT THEY MUST GET PERMITS AT CROYDON.

Certain new golf regulations, made by the Conservators of Mitcham Common, are causing a good deal of discussion in the neighbourhood, and it is being asked how Prince's Club comes to have a right on the Common which does not belong to others. In 1893 the Conservators granted to Prince's Golf Club Company the right to play golf on the Common for twenty-one years, and agreed that if the license should be revoked after that period, they would pay the Golf Club Company £2500. Thereupon, Prince's Golf Course was constructed. Later, the Club arranged with the Conservators that regulations should be made that none should play golf on Mitcham Common save members of Prince's Golf Club or inhabitants of Mitcham duly provided with a permit by the Conservators. Mr. H. Mallaby-Deeley, who, together with his wife, holds, or held recently, 1374 of the 1400 shares of the Prince's Golf Club, Ltd., is Chairman of the Mitcham Conservators. There are those who are asking why the public's right to the use of Mitcham Common should be curtailed in any way.—[Photograph by Newspaper Illus.]

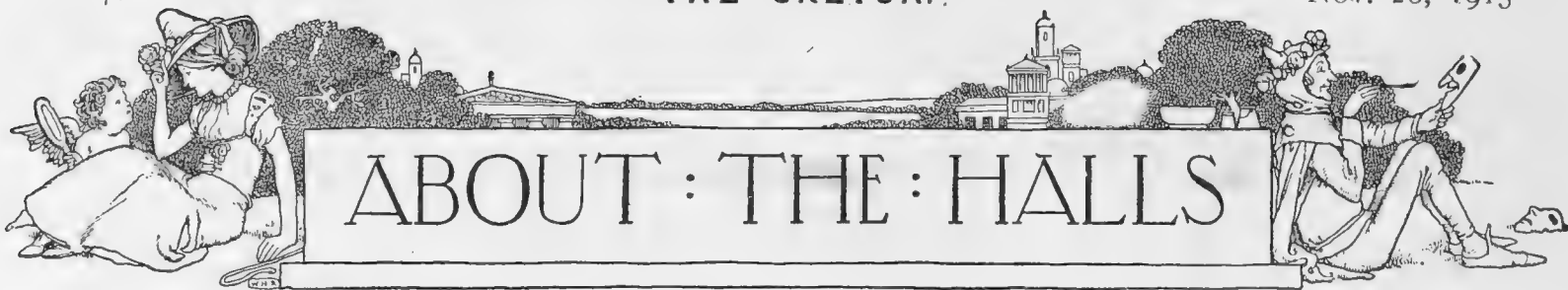
The Last of Captain Molesworth.

But the whole question comes up as the result of a sad thing that has just happened. Captain Molesworth, of Westward Ho!—"the Mole," as he used often to be called—has gone. He died a few days ago, and he was playing a little on his favourite links until very near the end. Many people would have considered his claims to the fathership of golf to be very strong indeed. He was eighty-eight years old when he died. Forty-one years ago he accomplished the feat of playing 126 holes in a day. He carried his own clubs, and walked from his house to the course and back, which was three miles each way. A little while later, on being challenged, he did 144 holes in a day, leaving home for the links that time at about five in the morning, doing the eight rounds in 815 strokes, and being back in his house at eight in the evening, having done in all about forty miles of walking. He ate nothing but an apple and some biscuits from the time he began until he had finished, and afterwards he played billiards until nearly midnight! Truly these golfers are a hardy race.—HENRY LEACH.



IN THE ROUGH OUTSIDE THE GROCER'S SHOP: THE HIGH STREET OF THE VILLAGE OF GOATHLAND, ON THE ROAD TO WHITBY, AS PART OF A GOLF-COURSE.

What has been described as the most novel golf-course in England is in Yorkshire. The High Street of the village of Goathland, on the road to Whitby, is included in it, and the sixth tee, for example, is on grass edging the Whitby Road.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]



"LE PETIT CABARET": MR. WILKIE BARD: FOLKS AT THE LONDON OPERA HOUSE.

AT the Palladium, Mr. William Smythe is officially permitted to present Miss Toby Claude in a "Parisienne-American Song Revue" bearing the title "Le Petit Cabaret." This is a quaint and not particularly exciting page in theatrical history. It does not pretend to possess any history or intentions: it is just designed to amuse and to pass the time. The entertainment opens with a chorus of rag-time characters, leading up to a song by Miss Toby Claude, the words of which are not too easy to follow. Then there is a dancing duet which is quite well done, and next comes a not unentertaining song, called "And the Green Grass Grew All Round," which, perhaps, went almost as well as anything in the show. Then we have the entry of a series of dignitaries of the Greater World, who naturally do a certain amount of posing and posturing, and are followed by two more people who also dance. Next comes another girl who sings and dances with other girls and men in blue, and then a quaint song with all sorts of hesitations, entitled "Sweeter Than All I Heard," the performer of which discovers that an encore is demanded, and proceeds to sing a long and not very noticeably lively song about Adam and Eve. Then "Miss Gaby" comes on again and sings a pretty little song, while the scene is decorated by the presence of girls in very light attire. Then on come two more dancers, and do a version of a good old dance we have seen at the Palace a thousand times; and finally, when the time has arrived, the chief members of the company shed the lustre of their presence through the length and breadth of the stalls, return to the stage, and the show is over. There is nothing particular to be said in favour of the "turn."

A Happy Return.

Mr. Wilkie Bard has successfully faced the trials of an elongated trip to the United States, Tivoli. Rumour has it that he was very well and is back at the received by the genial Americans, and that the threatening arrival of the other great entertainer was not allowed to stand in the way of his success. He still maintains the old self-restraint that has always been noticeable in his career, and that is half the battle. On his entry he talks a good bit about Gaby, and then sings about "The Wriggle-ey Ray." With the fervent ejaculation, "Thank goodness, that's over!" he turns to the consideration of a letter which is brought on to him by a Scotchman, which turns out to be a notice that on the previous

evening he arrived with five shillings in his pocket, and came away the proud possessor of £4 10s. After this, he dances awhile with the assistance of the young man, and then drifts off into a deftly turned version of a sketch which we have seen before, and are very glad to see again—"185." This is much the same

as it was before. It begins with the bard in evening dress, with a bunch of flowers, appearing before his home, almost ready to make the bold stroke and present them to his wife. Then the discharged servant appears, and next the young man who has come to look after the water. The discovery that it is the young man's birthday leads to his being dressed up in the old man's clothes and being introduced into the house, and all undeservedly receiving the punishment well won by his dashing substitute. The sketch is a merry little affair, which gives Wilkie Bard an ample opportunity for being funny exactly in his own way.

Circussing.

At the London Opera House, as at other halls, there is something of a lull in the practice of sketch-production. Christmas is once more at hand, with its army of little playgoers, and they receive their due share of attention. Consequently, the Opera House has been transformed into a giant circus-ring, with an equally giant circus-company. Here now may be seen Mr. Jack, the Sporting Kangaroo, and Las Briatores, with their "non plus ultra" horse-riding jugglers. There are also to be seen Miss Maud Wulff with her Tango Horse, "Pretty Boy," and Miss Mariska Recsey, accompanied by her wonderfully trained elephants, a capital "turn," in which the giant pachyderms do all sorts of things, even going so far as the singing of a softly melodious song with full band accompaniment. Following closely upon this "turn" appears M. Eschberger, with a troupe of sixteen trained Arabian horses which are completely under control; and these are in due course followed by Hagenbeck's Twenty-five Forest-bred Lions, admirably

presented by their trainer, Mr. William Peters, who seems to be capable of any feat in connection with the cowing of carnivorous monsters. The monsters all appear to be in excellent form and

equal to any amount of homicide, but Mr. Peters has them completely under control, and the beast that has one moment been snarling most viciously is seen at the next fondling its master. Then, of course, there is Mr. Charles Hart, the "L.O.H." Droll, with whom we became well acquainted during the run of the revue, and who still tells stories of his colleagues; while the troupe of mid-gets is unusually good. Nothing can disturb the serenity of the strong mid-ge, who performs feats of vast power entirely to his own satisfaction; and it would take more than full-grown

artists to beat the two who come on and sing "Hitchy-Koo," and other rag-time, to the great delight of the house. Without children, there was a good house on the night when I was there, and when the children come home for their holidays they will be certain to be taken to the London Opera House.

ROVER.



UNDERSTUDY TO MISS GERTIE MILLAR, AT DALY'S: MISS MAIDIE ANDREWS, OF "THE MARRIAGE MARKET."

During the absence of Miss Gertie Millar, Miss Maidie Andrews has played Kitty Kent with conspicuous success. Our readers will no doubt recall that we published several portraits of Miss Andrews when, as a little girl, she played Alice—in Wonderland and Through the Looking-Glass.

Photograph by Abdey.



PAMELA BEATS A GONG AND HER LUGGAGE IS BROUGHT TO HER: IN THE JAPAN OF "THE PURSUIT OF PAMELA"—AT THE ROYALTY.

On the right are Miss Aya Yamada as Ume San; and Miss Gladys Cooper as Pamela. A page of illustrations of "The Pursuit of Pamela" appears in our Supplement.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.]



MOTORS AT MONACO: AN ENDORSEMENT AMNESTY WANTED: SIZAIRE-BERWICKS: THE I.T.T.R.: HUMBERS.

To Do as They Do in France.

The Automobile Rallye comes to us from France. Every year, when all the idle rich and others are turning towards Monte Carlo and other seductive districts of the Côte d'Or, motorists representing many clubs and many nations start from all parts of Europe and drive helter-skelter to that tiny Principality on the Mediterranean. Some prizes are awarded, though I have never been able to solve the method of their awarding. Now next summer as ever is, we are to have our own rally, to be promoted by the Royal Automobile Club, with the lace town of Nottingham as a centre of concentration, the dates being July 17 and 18 next. Many of the details of this great convergence of cars have been settled, and it is decreed that a special prize is to be offered for the oldest car arriving in Nottingham within the scheduled time; while a speed trial will (poor old things!) be arranged for cars over ten years old. Truly many a poor old derelict which has long earned its rest will be dragged from its retirement and patched and coaxed into action once more. Assuredly scenes akin to those of the early days, when men were seen as frequently under as on their cars, will be again enacted in July next.

To Clean up Licenses.

A movement which has the ardent support of many prominent motorists is now on foot to bring about the expunging of endorsements from licenses for technical offences in the past against certain clauses in the Motor Act which have long outrun their usefulness, if they ever possessed any. Convictions for accidental lamp-extinction, unwilling obscuring of number-plates, failure to produce licenses at the arbitrary demand of any officious constable, do now, under the present condition of the law, remain upon a license for ever and a day, and are hunted up and quoted by the police when proceeding for any sort of offence against the Act, however trivial. It is to be hoped that this movement for a general amnesty and a clean sheet, at least so far as minor offences are concerned, will meet with success.

The 20-h.p. Sizaïre-Berwick.

Those who examined the exhibits at the Paris and West Kensington Shows with intelligence and appreciation still bear in mind the admirable design of the newly introduced 20-h.p. Sizaïre-Berwick. In no point does it show any startling or distressing departure from general practice, but its talented designer appears to have considered and weighed up the best points of many of the acknowledged best cars, and then, endowing them with his own individuality—which has always been pertinent—has succeeded in producing a chassis in which it seems almost impossible to find a fault or suggest an improvement. The proportion of bore to stroke—90 mm. by 160 mm.—is just what it should be to produce a sufficiently powerful, but nevertheless sweet-running, engine,

which up to all reasonable speeds has never to be called upon for undue rapidity of rotation. It could be wished that the design had been unique throughout, and that nothing about its appearance could have led to its confusion with any other car. It is so satisfying in every respect, so up to date and beyond, that it deserves to be unique from stem to stern.



THE AIRMAN WHO WAS "CHAIRED" UPSIDE-DOWN: MR. B. C. HUCKS, FIRST BRITISH LOOPER OF LOOPS.

On arriving at Charing Cross the other day on his return from France, where he recently made some remarkable upside-down flights, in the Pégoud manner, Mr. B. C. Hucks was appropriately "chaired" by enthusiastic friends in an inverted position, head downwards, much to the astonishment of the uninitiated onlookers. At Buc, on one occasion, he flew upside down for forty-five seconds at a height of 3000 feet, and he looped the loop eight times. He described the sensation before turning over as like that felt before getting into a cold bath on a winter morning.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

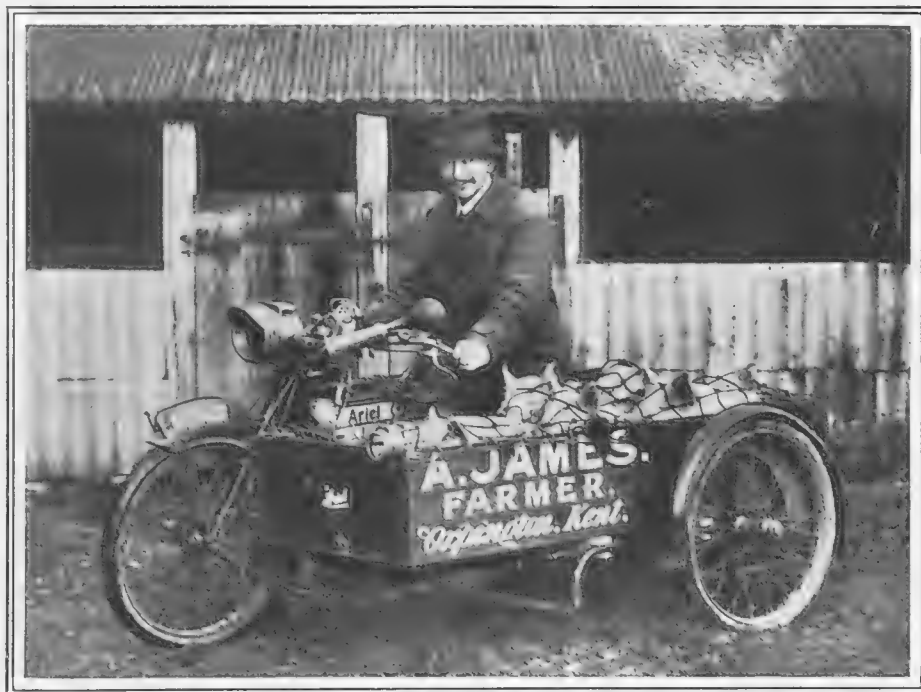
The T.T. Promises Well.

Already the International Tourist Trophy Race, to be held in the Isle of Man in June next, promises well. The event will occupy two days, a total distance of 600 miles, or 300 miles per day, being covered. As suggested by its title, the event is open to motor-cars irrespective of their country of origin, and already the entries of some dozen cars of alien construction are foreshadowed. The proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* have come down most handsomely in the matter of prize-money. The first prize will consist of the Tourist Trophy itself, plus £1000; the second, of a sum of £250; together with a team-prize of £300, and a fuel prize of £100 for the best consumption on a fuel other than petrol. The minimum weight of a car ready for the race, including driver and mechanic, oil, water, tools, and other appliances, spare tyres or detachable-wheels or rims, but without fuel, is 1 ton 1½ cwt.

Ascending Humbers.

Cyclists and motorists who have owned, ridden, and driven the products of the Humber Company in the past will feel deep satisfaction at the manner in which this fine old firm has raised its head a second time above financial depression. And at each recrudescence the same directing genius—to wit, Mr. Edward Powell—has been at the helm. The Report and Balance-Sheet presented to the shareholders on Wednesday last was a much more satisfactory document than that presented a year ago. It was stated that there was enough money in hand to pay 2½ years' arrears of the Preference dividend, but as a matter of precaution, only one year's arrears could be dispensed. In time past the prosperity of the Humber Company was achieved by the introduction of a low-priced, low-powered car, the 8-h.p. Humber, and things only went awry when the Company entered a more ambitious field, and perhaps failed to sustain the wonderful quality that had distinguished the above-mentioned car. Now it would appear that the moderate policy is to be returned to, and the man of moderate means is to be catered for with the 10-h.p. four-seater engine (65 mm. by 120 mm.) and the 14-h.p. engine (75 mm. by 140 mm.). At the prices asked these two

cars are amongst the best values in the country, and the business supervening may see the old Humber Company dividend-paying all along the line in a year's time.



ROAD-HOGS AS PASSENGERS: PIGS THAT GO TO MARKET BY CYCLE-CAR.

A Kentish farmer has solved the difficulty due to expensive railway rates for the carriage of live-stock and produce by instituting a motor-cycle with a special attachment, as here illustrated. The photograph shows him transferring pigs from a breeding-farm at Grove Park to a farm at Orpington, there to be fattened for market.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.



MISS ASQUITH has broken all the old rules; she has opinions and makes speeches. And the "P.M." does not even edit them. When Mrs. Chamberlain writes to the papers, it is impossible not to see the blue-pencil between the lines; and when Miss Balfour supports her brother on the platform she does nothing

but mildly applaud, at exactly the right places. The wife of the Chief Secretary for Ireland has, it is true, spoken on the spur of the moment—when, with Suffragettes "birrelling" at the door, she threw it open and told them that they should be ashamed of themselves. But Miss Asquith's pronouncements have a quality all their own; they embody her own opinions—her own opinions being formed after a very sensible cogitation of a Prime Minister's table-talk. She has advantages, and uses them.

The League of the Duchesses.

"The Duchess of Sutherland at Home" runs the invitation-card to the exhibition of metal-work on Dec. 1. "Millicent Duchess of Sutherland



TO MARRY MISS CICELY ANNE GRICE-HUTCHINSON TO-DAY (NOV. 26): MR. HAROLD WARD.

Mr. Ward is the only son of Mr. J. E. Ward, of Red Lodge, Purton, Wilts.

Photograph by Sarony.

at Home" was what one expected; but, to make it doubly plain that it is the ruling Duchess and not her mother-in-law who is receiving in Bond Street, the monogram "E. S." is printed on both card and envelope. Nothing could better express the anxiety of both these ladies to do their best for the Cripples' Guild, which, of course (like a thousand other social enterprises), is signed all over with the name of Millicent Sutherland. But that a ruling Duchess, rather than a Dowager, should be "at home" is thought to be expedient, for the greater welfare of the shop.

The Household Gods.

Lord Headley is a member of a family with no very complicated religious history. Being a bolt from the true blue of conformity, his case is quite unlike the other much-quoted instance of Mohammedanism in the Peerage. When the late Lord Stanley of Alderley joined the Moslems, he merely added one more knot to the tangle of the Stanley creeds. His mother, even, was lost in it. "I've got a little of everything," she answered despairingly, when she was asked what religion was practised in the family circle. Lord Headley is an Irish peer.

The Value of Diversity.

While Mr. Lloyd George devises new machinery for the valuation of land, buyers and sellers deride the notion that official rating means anything. The value of land is a matter of opinion, and of extremely diverse opinion. The late Duke of Sutherland sold in England and

Scotland, and bought in Canada. In Canada he met Mr. J. W. Stewart, with the result that Mr. Stewart bought over here from the Duke. Last week came news that the present Duke has also come to terms with his friend. And such diversity of opinion—the Canadian's belief in Scotland and the Scot's belief in Canada—is essential to business in the marketing of land.

A Twentieth-Century Pre-Raphaelite.

Lady Rachel Stuart Wortley, the "Perdita" of the Picture Ball, has gone through bewildering preparations. In the Wallace Collection alone there are three contemporary portraits of her original, and each suggests a wholly different woman. Much easier is Mrs. Rothenstein's choice—a Rossetti. Her mother sat to "D. G. R.," and she herself has the look of a Pre-Raphaelite—with a difference, so she has no complications to face.

Very Stained-Glass.

Sir Philip Burne-Jones is responsible for the only neat thing said about the stained-glass window erected to the memory of a hunting-parson. Sir Philip does not like to see the Church and the Archbishop of York dragged in; he sees no connection between the cloth and the red coat of the chase. He objects, he says, to this "very stained-glass window." As against the view that the clergy should disapprove the pastime of killing, there are many ecclesiastical opinions. To Mr. Harold Boulton, the friend of Princes of the Church as well as of Princes of the Royal Blood, Cardinal Manning once said: "An English gentleman should read Horace and ride to hounds."



TO MARRY MR. HAROLD WARD TO-DAY (NOV. 26): MISS CICELY ANNE GRICE-HUTCHINSON.

Miss Grice-Hutchinson is the only daughter of Mrs. Grice-Hutchinson, of The Boynes, Upton-on-Severn.

Photograph by Sarony.

in this case, run, with or without hounds, in the direction of the churches; but since her friend's keenest joy in life was to give assistance to the working-girls of the East End, her endeavour is to set going some form of memorial that will supplement and continue that assistance. Incidentally, the Duchess's pen is responsible for a memorial far better than a hundred modern windows. Her letter in the *Westminster* on her scheme gives a picture of her friend, of their girlhood together in Fifeshire, of laughter among the heather, and kindness among her fellows, that would be difficult to match on any biographical page of recent years.

Whatever may be said for stained-glass windows, they do not constitute the sort of memorial that Millicent Duchess of Sutherland seeks to establish to her friend Miss Munro-Ferguson. Her thoughts do not,



ENGAGED TO MR. H. D. M. FRASER, OF THE 3RD BATTALION GORDON HIGHLANDERS: MISS PHYLLIS SINCLAIR.

Miss Sinclair is a member of Mr. R. B. Salisbury's Entertainers. She is to start on a world-tour this winter.

Photograph by Weston.



Christmas Presents for All.

Christmas Shopping.

Those who want to get the best begin early, where Christmas gifts are concerned. Already many eager shoppers are afoot, looking for novelties and picking out the most attractive of the many things set aside in big establishments, and specially produced on purpose for the Gift Season.

The Smartest Jewellery is in Platinum.

own record. The platinum: silver and gold are accounted nothing by the extreme "up-to-dates" for their personal wear. At this fine establishment special time, talent, and money have been devoted to getting out a number of charming jewelled ornaments in platinum at wonderfully small prices. The wreath brooch illustrated is in platinum and set with amethysts and pearls. It is a lovely thing, and the price is £3 10s. The pendant, which is an exclusive and beautiful design, is platinum, set with aquamarines and pearls, and the price is five guineas; set with amethysts and pearls, £4 10s. These pendants are doubly acceptable as gifts in these days when dresses and coats are open at the neck, and when in daylight the platinum can be properly appreciated. Neck-slides for velvet or ribbon are excellent presents for the same reason. That illustrated, in platinum, pearls, and diamonds, is £8 5s. An amethyst-pearl-and-diamond necklet, with a large pear-shaped drop—a remarkably handsome ornament in platinum—costs only £8 10s. Another pretty novelty is a gold safety-pin, with a shell at one end in which is a jewel, for 18s. A case containing four of these set with ruby, pearl, sapphire, and turquoise, will make a novel and delightful gift, for £3 10s. A lovely brooch is a shamrock trefoil, with a diamond in the centre on platinum, at £9 10s. Ear-rings, double-chain, set with diamonds and pearls, on platinum, and quite flexible, extremely becoming and remarkably handsome, are priced at £9, and might well cost nearly double from their appearance. A particularly dainty pair are loops set with tiny whole pearls, on platinum wire, from lines of tiny pearls, at £5. A man would greatly value a pair of striped gold-and-white enamel sleeve-links, very smart and handsome, and costing only £4 10s. The list of suitable gifts published by the firm, which will be sent on application, is a good guide to those looking out for real pleasure-giving presents.

Wilson and Gill, the well-known "Goldsmiths," of 139-141, Regent Street, are always singularly successful in catering for those looking for presents. This season they have beaten their smartest jewelled ornaments must be in or on



THE VOGUE OF PLATINUM: DAINTY AND UP-TO-DATE JEWELLERY AT MODERATE PRICES.

The brooches, pendants, and other ornaments here illustrated—to be seen at Messrs. Wilson and Gill's, 139-141, Regent Street—are described, with their prices, in the adjoining paragraph.

gear of many dancers, in reality as well as pictured. Their latest new and beautiful shoe has a high back, cleverly fitting up the back of the foot to above the ankle, and affording support, while the lacing is kept perfectly in position. It can be obtained at any of the fine premises of the Company—116, New Bond Street; 21, Sloane Street; or 123, Queen Victoria Street—in black or white satin, in gold or silver and white brocade, or black and gold brocade, at 25s. a pair. This shoe is called Le Romain, and a pair will constitute a delightful Christmas present. Brocade shoes as made by the company have achieved an extraordinary success, and no wonder: they have perfect lines, and are made in all the latest combinations

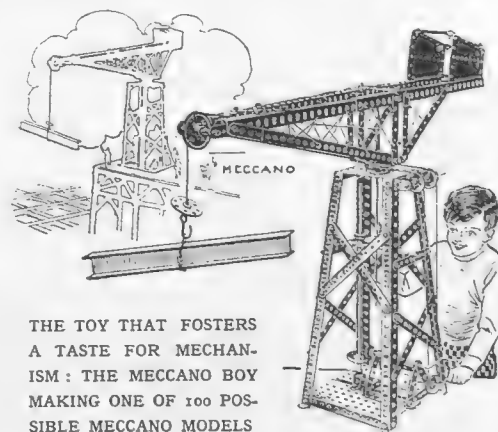
of coral-pink and gold, French-grey and gold—in fact, almost any colour—brocaded with either silver or gold, and the prices are from 21s. to 38s. Wonderful value are satin shoes in all colours at 6s. 9d. a pair. White satin shoes of this kind will be dyed to match any dress, and with little delay, at 3s. extra the pair; and silk stockings to match the shoes, with Lisle-thread feet and tops, are provided for 1s. 9d. a pair. Most comfortable and very neat is a black velvet house-shoe, restful and perfectly fitting—an ideal house-shoe—and the price is only 5s. 9d. The

London Shoe Company pay all postage, and will send on approval. Their latest catalogue is an exposition of the *dernier cri* in foot-wear, and it will be sent on application to any of the above addresses.

The Father of the Man.

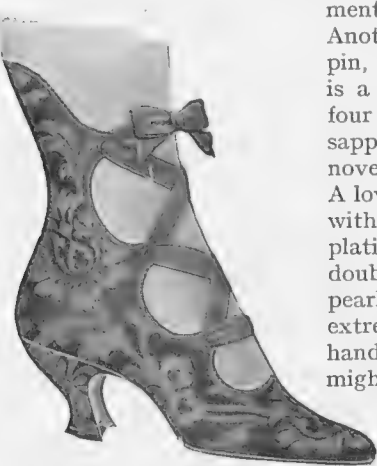
To make a happy handyman, begin with the boy; no toy pleases an intelligent lad nearly so well as that with which he can accomplish something. For this purpose there is nothing like Meccano, with which a hundred working models can be made.

It consists of bright plated steel strips, angle-brackets; gear, pulley, and flanged wheels; steel rods, collars, and clips; set screws, bolts and nuts, and all other parts for building actual working models. No boy who has built his own toys with Meccano will be without a keen interest in life in this essentially mechanical age. He will imbibe in his play first principles of things, and will know how the big things in real life work. Meccano outfits cost from 3s. to 100s., and can be obtained from all toy-dealers and stores, or from Meccano, Ltd., Liverpool. An excellent and interesting booklet, "The Story of Meccano: By a Meccano Boy," is worth sending for.



THE TOY THAT FOSTERS A TASTE FOR MECHANISM: THE MECCANO BOY MAKING ONE OF 100 POSSIBLE MECCANO MODELS.

Messrs. Meccano, Ltd., Liverpool.



TIDY-LACING FOR TANGOERS: THE NEW "LE ROMAIN" SHOE THAT SUPPORTS THE ANKLE.

The London Shoe Company.

able gifts published by the firm, which will be sent on application, is a good guide to those looking out for real pleasure-giving presents.

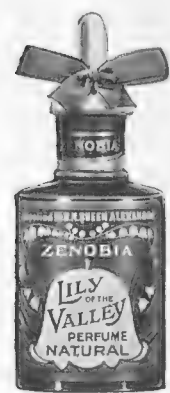
The Tango and Smart Shoes.

Now that so great a section of the community is under the spell of the Tango, it becomes more than ever desirable to have feet smartly shod. The London Shoe Company, always in the fore of fashion in this respect, have observed a certain untidiness of lacing in the foot-

Exclusive and Lovely. The old firm of Elkingtons pride themselves that the oldness applies only to the time they have been established, to the reputation they possess for splendid quality and for giving to their clients the finest value. In all else they are up to date in the best sense of that hard-worked phrase. Their Christmas list, which will be sent to anyone applying

for it, proves this conclusively; and when it is remembered that the charming things illustrated in it are offered at manufacturing prices, the advantages of buying Christmas presents at Elkingtons, will easily be realised. In new jewelled ornaments there is a fine variety of bow brooches; the bows are of black net, and the holders jewelled. A charming one is of whole pearls and diamonds, and the price is only £4 15s. Extremely neat and pretty is a little pendant of a ladybird in enamel, swung in

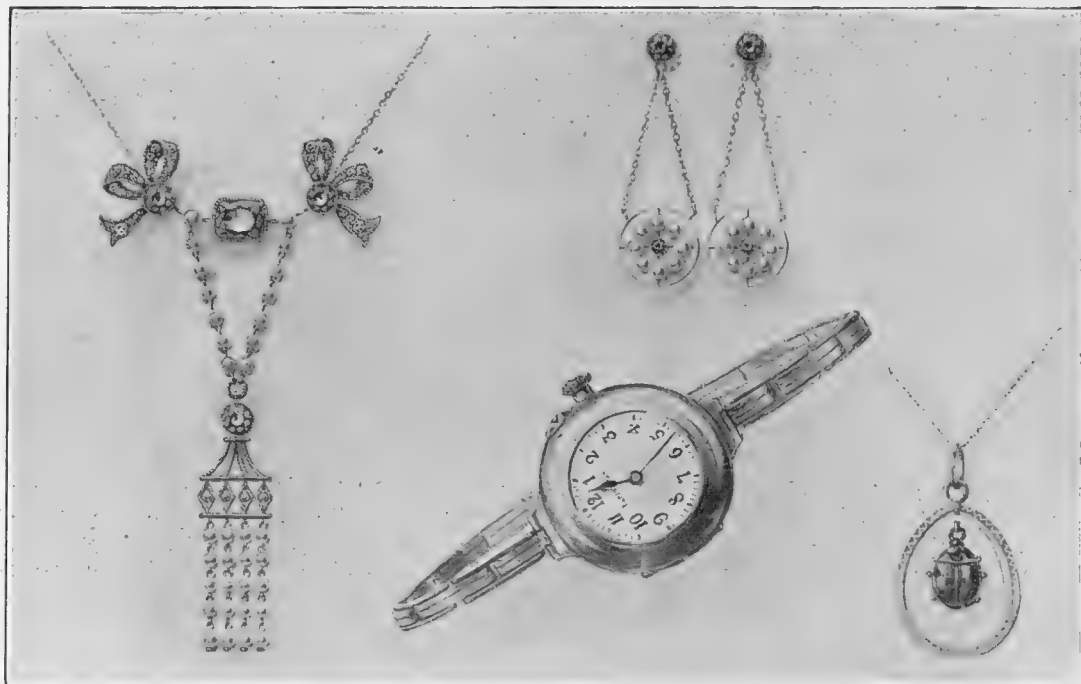
oval loops of first blue, and then white, enamel, on solid gold, at £1 10s.; this is about the prettiest small present possible. Very handsome and very new is a round pendant in diamonds, pearl, enamel, and platinum, at £10; while a lovely pendant is a tassel of pearls and diamonds, suspended from a chain and bows set with pearls, diamonds, and aquamarines, at £13 13s.



REALLY REMINISCENT OF THE FLOWER: ZENOBIA LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY PERFUME.

Preserving the Flower-Scent.

When one purchases for a friend the perfume of a flower mutually loved, with the intent to establish a further bond of sympathy, it is a sad experience that the perfume bears no further resemblance to the flowerscent than the proverbial chalk to cheese. Zenobia perfumes do really preserve the true scent of the blossoms, and are therefore the best to choose for gifts to friends at this season when we seek to establish the sympathetic connection that presents, to be successful, should always do. Lily-of-the-valley, night-scented stock, sweet-pea blossom, honeysuckle, wallflower—whatever it may be, the Zenobia true-flower perfumes have really captured and do really give the characteristic and individual charm



BEAUTIFUL GIFTS AT MODERATE PRICES: EXQUISITE EXAMPLES OF THE JEWELLER'S ART.

Messrs. Elkington.

and spirit. It is the Courvoisier *chef-d'œuvre*, and old Omar himself would have celebrated it in verse; indeed, he did so when he rhapsodised on the soul of smells of the night. Then it was not captured and perpetuated by the genius of the perfume-distiller, as now. It has been said that it worthily commemorates the genius of Omar Khayyam, and that is the highest praise. Omar Khayyam perfume can be obtained at all chemists and stores at 2s. 9d., 5s., 11s. 6d., 21s., and 42s. a bottle.



A FRAGRANT SOUVENIR: A CARD CONTAINING A ZENOBIA SWEET-PEA-BLOSSOM SACHET.

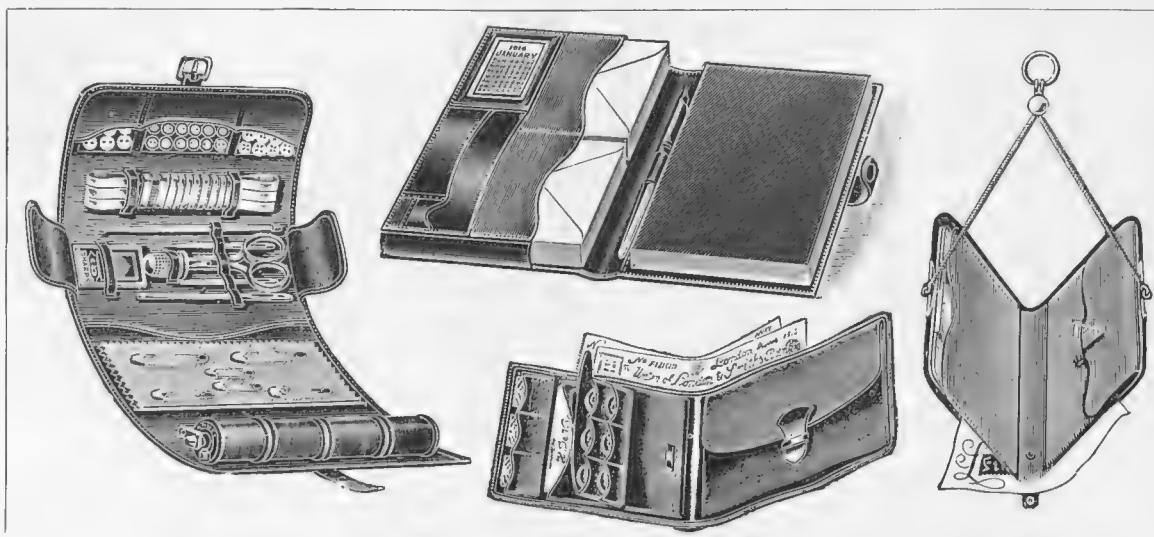
The Latest Leather.

The newest, and also the best, things in leather are always to be found at the establishments of John Pound and Co., whether at 81, Leadenhall Street; 268, Oxford Street; 243, Brompton Road; 211, Regent Street; 67, Piccadilly; 177, Tottenham Court Road, or 5, Swallow Street. The novelty for the season is Tapir leather: a very soft, dull-surfaced, charmingly grained one, in two shades, mole-grey and *café au lait*, in which all the smart new things for Christmas are made. A writing-case in it contains a block of writing-paper which can always be refilled, two packets of envelopes, a calendar, and places for stamps, letters, cards, and pen. Quarto size, it is 34s. 6d.; and octavo size, 22s. 6d. It is the most convenient case I have seen. Very neat, too, is a muff-purse, with a ring to hold on one finger and a chain keeping the purse closed when not in use. This has a special pocket for bank-notes, and is a very neat and handsome purse; the price is



FOR "YOUTH'S SWEET-SCENTED MANUSCRIPT": COURVOISIER'S OMAR KHAYYAM PERFUME.

Messrs. H. Bromptley and Co.



THE LATEST IN LEATHER: USEFUL PRESENTS FOR MAN, WOMAN, OR CHILD.

Messrs. John Pound and Co.

some, and are excellent and always acceptable gifts. Nothing is more appreciated by a man than a really good wallet. One in Tapir leather, with a special pocket for a 25-cheque-book, one for

of the flower, whichever it may be, that is the mutual favourite of giver and receiver. A charming Christmas memento, too, is one of the very handsome Zenobia Christmas Greetings, which contain within their covers dainty sachets of perfume.

Perfume of the Persian Poet.

There is a certain aptness in the name Omar Khayyam for a perfume which is as fascinating, as uplifting, as bewitching to the senses, as the verses of the Persian poet of old are to the brain

27s. 6d. Work-rolls, fitted with all necessities for repairs or needlework of any kind, are also made in this fascinating leather, in two sizes—one at 14s. 6d.; and another, larger, at 16s. 6d. For cigar-cases, which are flat, and have a pretty silver-gilt mount, the prices are 18s. 6d. and £1 1s.; cigarette-cases, similar in style, are 14s. 6d. These are practical and hand-



IN ONE OF ITS VARIOUS USES: THE "CARBREK" GENERAL UTILITY TABLE.

Messrs. Carter.

one or other of the marvellously complete and well-thought-out pieces of furniture, or appliances, of Messrs. Carter, 2-4 and 6, New Cavendish Street, W. Whether for people in robust health, suffering from physical disability, convalescent or really ill, Carters' chairs are perfection. The patent adjustable reclining chair of this celebrated firm leaves the most querulous invalid without a grievance on the score of comfort; while to the tired-out well person, it is a haven of real rest. These chairs can be adjusted to any position by the tiniest pressure on a lever. When closed they look like and occupy the space of an ordinary easy-chair, which, however good it may be, cannot compare in the matter of comfort with one of Messrs. Carter's. There is no such sure way to recuperate from exhaustion as a rest in one of these world-famed chairs, the prices of which are very moderate. The "Carbrek" general utility table, at 25s., is an ideal Christmas present. It is not only excellent as a bed-table, but can also be used as a card-table, music, reading, or painting stand. It is handsome and practical. A dainty little brochure in three colours, describing it in detail, will be sent on application to the makers. Carters' patent reading-stands, from 17s. 6d. each, are also presents which I know to be successful. The firm have Royal Warrants to the King, the late King Edward VII., the Kaiser, and the Queen of Sweden. A walk round Messrs. Carter's spacious show-rooms will prove how well earned is the firm's sub-title—"The Alleviation of Human Pain."

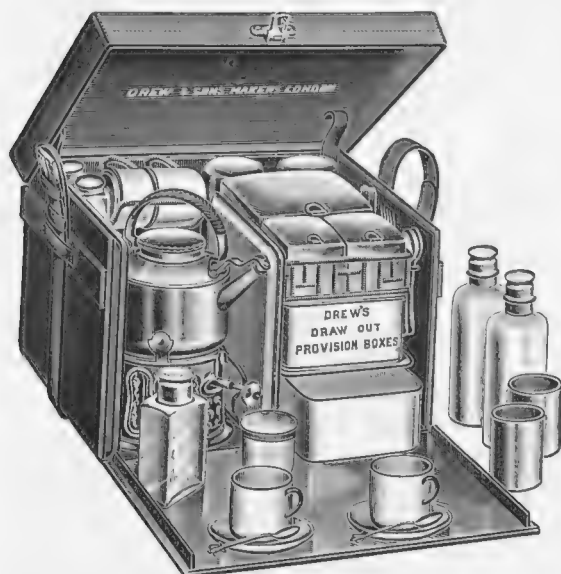


FOR COMPARISON: (IN THE LARGER CIRCLE) A VIEW OF THE STAGE THROUGH THE FAGO OPERA-GLASS; (IN THE SMALLER) THROUGH AN ORDINARY GLASS.

Messrs. Goerz.

Enlarging the Outlook.

A Christmas gift which will be keenly appreciated is a pair of field-glasses—particularly will this be so if they are Goerz Binoculars, which are of known excellence the world over. What, however, appeals equally to man or girl is the Fago Opera-Glass, embodying the well-known prismatic principle used in all modern field-glasses. It gives not a single face of actor or actress, but a defined picture of a large part of the stage. These Fago glasses can be had in plain or fancy styles, and they are very neat and small. In these days of universal photography, a good camera is a present that makes Christmas pleasant. The Goerz lens is most excellent, as is generally known, and the cameras, although suitable for expert photographers, are so simple that beginners can obtain



WHAT EVERYBODY WANTS: A COMBINED TEA AND LUNCHEON CASE.

Messrs. Drew and Sons.

charming pictures with them, and so extract quite an unusual amount of pleasure from a present of one.

British and Beauty-Making.

Englishwomen have by nature delightful complexions. Did not the fairness of skin of English children evoke the historic remark, "not Angles, but Angels?" Given this advantage, it needs, in these strenuous days, preserving. There is one infallible way to do this—one way in three directions: regular open-air exercise, frequent washing in clear, soft water, the use of Erasmic soap. It has five great recommendations—perfume, lather, purity, economy, and price. It can be obtained of every up-to-date chemist, and is so daintily put up that it makes a charming and always acceptable gift. Still more appropriate for presents are the beautiful Erasmic perfumes. The latest, Parfum Gloria, was approved by the Queen when she visited the Erasmic works this summer; it is sold in 5s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and 15s. 6d. bottles. Parfum Royal Erasmic, in 25s. bottles, beautifully cut and of special design, is a handsome gift, always fragrantly reminiscent. There are several, one more fascinating than another; and with some of them are toilet-soaps and *poudre-de-riz* to match. A good way to appreciate the beauty and variety of these soaps, scents, and powders is to call at the charmingly fitted show-rooms, 117, Oxford Street, W., where a fine choice of Christmas presents is available.



SUCH AS CLEOPATRA'S LOVERS MIGHT HAVE GIVEN HER: "LA REINE D'EGYPTE" PERFUME.

The Erasmic Company.

luxury and comfort at home and abroad are secured in the world-famous productions of Drew and Sons, Piccadilly Circus. The beauty and convenience of their dressing-bags are recognised the world over. Perfect as they are, each year there is some improvement, little as the room for it appears to be in the eyes of the unskilled. A most beautiful bag has just been made for a Christmas present, of green morocco, lined with green corded-silk. The fittings are of 15-ct. gold and engraved glass; the gold is lovely, with a ribbon threaded Chippendale edge; so, too, is the design on the glass. This is, of course, a regal present, but the bags at Drew's are at many prices, and each in its way is as perfect as this gold-fitted one. Another, less than a third of the price, is in tortoise-shell and 9ct. gold; yet another, in dark mauve crocodile, lined with Parma mauve watered-silk, is fitted with fox-head engine-turned silver, with a Chippendale edge, and is a delightful and most useful possession. What everybody wants are the combined tea and luncheon cases—the most compact, neat, and perfect things of their kind. The food can be easily taken out without unpacking, as the cases containing it are like fitted enamel drawers, the covers falling lightly over them as they are pushed in. They are for two, four, or six persons, and can, of course, be made for more, and they cost from £2 10s., and are exactly suited for charming Christmas presents. So, too, are attaché-cases, now carried by ladies as well as men, and preferred to bags. These are fitted with indexed pockets for papers, a calendar, a writing-block, and other requirements for writing. Drew and Sons' is a safe find for good and always acceptable presents.



PERFECT COMFORT WHETHER IN SICKNESS OR IN HEALTH: A PATENT ADJUSTABLE RECLINING-CHAIR.

Messrs. Carter.

Beauty and Convenience.



WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS: A DRESSING-BAG WITH LOVELY FITTINGS.

Messrs. Drew and Sons.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 10.

TOUJOURS MEXICO.

AT the present time it is quite impossible to write these weekly notes without continual reference to the condition of affairs in Mexico. There is no getting away from the fact that things are very bad. We wish we could speak more optimistically, but it is profitless folly to imitate the ostrich and bury one's head in the sand.

Not only has the exchange fallen to seventeen pence, against a normal figure of about twenty-four pence, but at the present moment it would be absolutely impossible to remit any large amount to Europe—ten or fifteen thousand pounds would, we believe, be about the limit.

America is absolutely determined not only to remove Huerta, but also to see that some stable form of government is established. To this end a species of financial blockade is in existence, which may prove very efficient in bringing Mexico to reason, but, unfortunately, is equally efficient in ruining the various Companies operating there. Our Foreign Office is fully alive to the difficulties and hardships thus occasioned, but does not see its way to interfere.

It is hardly necessary to enlarge upon these facts; it does not take a very great deal of perspicacity to realise what the results will be if present conditions continue very long. Apart altogether from any damage and interruptions which may take place in the country, if money cannot be remitted to this country Bond interest cannot be paid.

Whether American diplomacy will succeed without employing force is far from certain; and if once hostilities commence, we fear it would be many weary months before peace was restored.

CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY.

The report of this Railway for the year ending June 30 last is not a very bulky document, and, curiously enough, it is not signed by an independent auditor. The gross receipts advanced by 3,667,400 dols., but only about half of this improvement was retained in the net profit, and fixed charges were also considerably higher at 5,191,000 dols. Interest on the 5 per cent. Income-charge Convertible Debenture stock required 988,200 dols., as against 674,800 dols. in the previous year. In spite of this, however, the surplus amounted to 844,700 dols., as against 694,800 twelve months ago.

A great deal of money has been, and is being, expended upon constructions and improvements which are undoubtedly not yet producing their full quota of revenue; but, all the same, the growth of prior charges has, we think, been unfortunately rapid. Every improvement in gross revenue is discounted by some fresh issue, and the margin behind the Income-charge Debentures is uncomfortably small.

This year's good harvest has enabled the Company to register an increase in gross traffics of 867,000 dols. since June, but in the meantime it has been found necessary to issue £1,500,000 5 per cent. Notes which are redeemable in 1918, and we have little doubt that further capital will have to be raised in some form or other before very long.

The present year is a very critical one for the Company, and much depends upon the results achieved when the new trans-continental line is completed, which the directors state should be early in 1914; but in this connection it must not be forgotten that the Grand Trunk Pacific will be completed before very long, and will undoubtedly divert a proportion of the traffic.

The progress revealed by the report is good, but the finance at present is rather too hazardous for our liking.

THE DEFAULTING STATES OF THE UNION.

A few days ago the *Financial Times* addressed an open letter to Dr. Wilson, President of the United States, upon this subject, which seems to us deserving of far more notice than it generally receives. We have not, unfortunately, sufficient space at our disposal to quote the letter *in extenso*, but after pointing out that the United States have of late been bringing pressure to bear upon many South American Governments to prevent default upon their external debts, our contemporary continues: "... in the progressive and wealthy North American Union there are at least nine States whose obligations have for many years past remained unpaid. The names of these States are—

Alabama,	Georgia,	North Carolina,
Arkansas,	Louisiana,	South Carolina,
Florida,	Mississippi,	West Virginia.

The defaulted debts of these States, with accrued interest, are estimated to amount to upwards of £50,000,000 (sterling). It should be particularly noted that these debts are not 'war' debts, such as Confederate State Bonds, but they consist of Bonds issued for the purpose of public improvements, from which the States in question should have derived benefit."

Such a state of affairs is a standing reproach to the North American Union, and although none of the Bonds are obligations of the Federal Government, it is surely not asking too much that

Dr. Wilson should put his own house in order as well as those of the South American peoples. The recent decision of the Attorney-General of New York to permit the investment of Savings Bank funds in Louisiana Bonds is absolutely unjustifiable. All sorts of excuses have been put forward by the defaulting States, but none of them will bear critical examination: "Because the proceeds of the loan were placed in investments which proved failures" is a typical example!

Owing to a clause in the American Constitution, it is not possible to bring the defaulting States into Court, and therefore the only possible chance of a tardy redress for the Bondholders lies in bringing financial pressure to bear upon the States and in the good offices of President Wilson's Government.

CORDOBA CENTRAL.

The first dividend of this Company under the new arrangement has just been announced, and is exactly what was generally expected. About a year ago, it will be remembered, the Cordoba and Rosario and Cordoba Central B.A. Extension Railway Companies were absorbed under the aegis of the Argentine Railway Company, and the Ordinary Income stock was issued partly in exchange for the Ordinary stock of the old Company and partly for the Income Debenture stock. The Argentine Railway then guaranteed sufficient traffic to this Company to ensure the payment of all prior charges and 2½ per cent. on the Ordinary Income stock until the middle of 1915, when the rate will be increased by ½ per cent. every two years until 1923, when the maximum guaranteed rate of 5 per cent. will be payable. The present dividend is 1½ per cent. for the six months ending June last, and is thus just the guaranteed rate.

The Ordinary Income stock is now quoted at 46½ with the dividend included, at which price we consider it undervalued. It is possible that the promoters of the scheme may find the natural growth of the traffics rather slower than they expected, but, taking all things into consideration, we are of opinion that the stock should be worth at least 50.

RANDOM NOTES.

We fear the Circular issued by certain shareholders in the Premier Oil and Pipe Line Company will not be productive of much that is helpful, although the questions raised therein are perfectly legitimate. The shares are so widely distributed that organisation is most difficult, while the Preference shares are, we believe, held in much larger blocks. At all events, we shall be very surprised if the voting power of the Preference shares is reduced, and also if a reconstruction of some kind is avoided.

Messrs. J. Lewis and Sons' latest report on the position of the Copper Market will not encourage the bulls of copper. According to this firm, American consumers are buying but little; while stocks there are accumulating, and with diminishing consumption in Europe and expanding production generally, stocks will probably continue to increase. It is worth noting, however, that a large bear account exists in the metal.

Shareholders in the Cargo Fleet Iron Company will, we fear, have to give up all hopes of a dividend for many years to come. If they don't get one after a boom-period such as the Iron and Steel trade has just experienced, we doubt if they ever will. It is true that the Company earned nearly 8 per cent. on its share-capital, but the directors have decided to strengthen the finances rather than make a small distribution, and we fear it will be many years before the shareholders get so near a dividend again.

The distribution of 2 per cent. on the Income Debenture stock of the Great Southern of Spain Railway has drawn considerable attention to this stock. For the whole of 1912 only 2 per cent. was paid, but we think double this rate will be forthcoming for the whole of 1913. Holders of this stock are entitled to 5 per cent., which becomes cumulative after it has been paid in full for four consecutive years. At the current price it is a promising speculative investment.

We are interested to note the change of policy announced by a weekly contemporary. Judging simply from internal evidence, we are inclined to think there has been a change of editorship as well. We wonder?

The Directors of the British American Tobacco Company announce that they are issuing new shares at the price of 30s. each to the present shareholders, in the proportion of one new share for every five now held. As the current quotation is about £5, this represents a very handsome bonus, but it is not, in our opinion, very sound finance.

For a long time past there have been rumours of an impending amalgamation of the Electric Lighting Companies in London, and in this connection the notices which appeared last Thursday are interesting. Before anything could be done in the direction of a combination, it was clearly necessary to secure powers to make fresh agreements with the London County Council as to dates and terms of purchase, and a Bill to secure such powers has now been deposited.

(Continued on page j.)

PRICE'S CANDLES

The Enchanting Light

GRAND PRIZE
PARAFFINE CANDLES
GOLD MEDAL
PALMITINE CANDLES

THEIR PECULIARLY SOFT
AND MELLOW LIGHT LENDS
ENCHANTMENT TO THE SCENE
AND CONTRASTS SUCH TO
THEMES OF A PART

PRICE'S PATENT CANDLE COMPANY LIMITED

“ATLAS”

Shirts and Pyjamas are Unshrinkable

All garments made from the famous “Atlas” materials—whether silk, silk and wool, silk and cotton, linen, or linen and cotton, are **guaranteed** unshrinkable and will be replaced should they shrink.

“Atlas” negligé shirts are of the highest quality, cut scientifically to the acme of comfort and smartness. Wear “Atlas” this Winter.

“ATLAS” SHIRTS . . . 3/6 to 21/-

“ATLAS” PYJAMAS . . . 6/6 to 45/-

ALL WEIGHTS FOR ALL CLIMATES



If any difficulty in procuring write
direct to the sole Manufacturers:
R. R. BUCK & SON

Atlas Works, Carlisle;

12 Gresham Street, London, E.C.

Established 1852



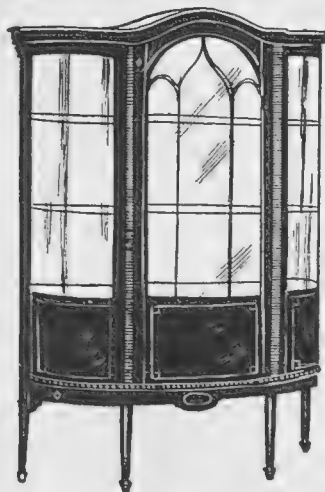
ASK YOUR HOSIER FOR “ATLAS”

“AN OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFETIME.”

£30,000 WORTH OF HIGH-GRADE SECOND-HAND FURNITURE

For Cash or on Easy Terms.

GREAT BARGAINS can now be obtained in Genuine First-Class Second-Hand Furniture, Modern and Antique. Half the cost and Double the wear of Cheap New Goods.



Bedroom, Dining and Drawing Room Suites, Bedsteads, Bedding, Dining Tables, Pianos, Overmantels, Carpets, Rugs, Easy and other Chairs. Bookcases, Curbs, Clocks, Chests of Drawers, Ornaments, Glass, China, Cutlery, Books, Pictures, Safes, Cabinets, Curtains, Sheets, Blankets, Quilts, Box-Ottomans, and Thousands of other Bargains at Clearance Prices.

EASY TERMS can be arranged for Payment of £5 worth, 4/- monthly; £10, 6/-; £20, 11/-; £30, 16/-

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A Personal Call is Solicited, otherwise

Write to-day for Descriptive Bargain Booklet (Post Free).

London Deliveries all Districts Daily. Country Orders Carriage Paid.

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(Established
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“The Great London Centre for all
that's Good in Second-hand Furniture.”

263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275, Holloway Road, LONDON, N.
Depositories—2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, Eden Grove (adjoining).
(Just one minute from Holloway Rd. Station, Piccadilly & Brompton Tube)

REMOVAL ESTIMATE FREE.

Telephones—2598 and 2599 North; 7826 Central.

Telegrams—“Jellico, London.”



Técla
(London Técla Gem Co., Ltd.)

LONDON: 7 Old Bond Street PARIS: 10 Rue de la Paix
BERLIN: 15 Unter den Linden NICE: 16 Avenue Massena
VIENNA: 2 Kärntnerstrasse ROME: 144 Corso Umberto
CARLSBAD: 36 Alte Wiese NEW YORK: 398 Fifth Avenue

Laboratories and Ateliers: Créteil, (Seine) France.

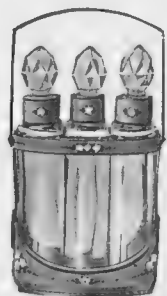
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The exquisite
refinements of the most
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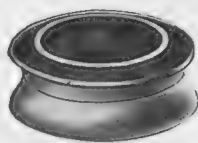
MAPPIN & WEBB LTD.

Choice Christmas Presents.

A charmingly illustrated Catalogue of Gifts posted free.



F 585. Very pretty Enamelled Sterling Silver 3-bottle Scent Stand. Height, 4½ in., £3 15 0



F 579. Tortoiseshell and Silver richly Gilt Box. 12/6



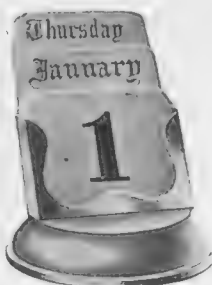
G 610. Combination Stick and Umbrella, with interchangeable handle. in Solid Leather Case. £2 11 6



F 560. Tortoiseshell and Silver Lavender Salts Bottle, filled with Salts. Height 3 in. ... 10/6



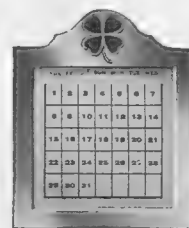
F 580. Engine-Turned Sterling Silver Combined Lady's Card Case and Purse ... 55/-
Ditto, Plain Silver ... 47/6



F 577. Plain Sterling Silver Perpetual Calendar, £1 0 0



G 609. Beautiful Lace and Pearl Fan, £1 5 0



F 571. Plain Sterling Silver Calendar (perpetual) with Enamelled Shamrock. Size 4½ x 3½ in. ... 20/-

158-162, OXFORD STREET, W. 220, REGENT STREET, W.
2, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

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The secret
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Complexion

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PALMOLIVE

Lovely women with lovely skins will tell you so.

PALMOLIVE is a tablet of delightful-looking pale green soap, in which are embodied all the virtues of Palm and Olive Oils—the beauty givers of the East and West.

PALMOLIVE is a soap, yet more than a soap, as besides cleansing, it nourishes, soothes, and preserves the skin.

"Beauty is only skin deep," therefore keep your skin beautiful by the constant use of PALMOLIVE.

A liberal sample can be had free, or a large cake of PALMOLIVE can be purchased at the Chemist's for 6d., or will be sent post free on receipt of six penny stamps with name and address.

The B. J. JOHNSON SOAP Co., 124, Holborn, London, E.C.

TADDY'S LONDON MIXTURE

Fill your pipe with the new tobacco. You will appreciate its mellow charm.

Fill your pipe with London mixture. It is made by Taddy's, who have been blending fine tobaccos since the reign of George II. In it Taddy's have combined the most delicate shades of flavour from the choicest qualities of tobacco.

Packed in 1 oz. and 2 oz. packets, and in ½ lb. and 1 lb. tins.

Always smoke Taddy's tobacco—the finest tobacco in the best blend.

TADDY'S LONDON MIXTURE

PER 5^D OZ



WARING
&
GILLOW

BEFORE

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CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

Come to
WARING & GILLOW'S
SILVER
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on the 3rd Floor of the Oxford St. Galleries.

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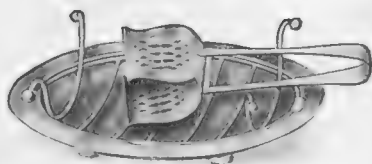
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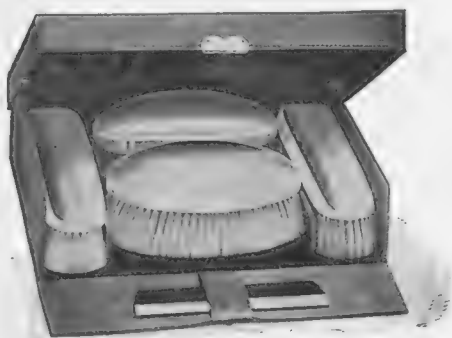
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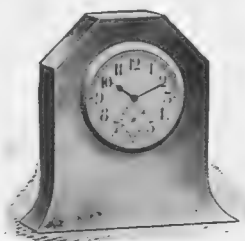
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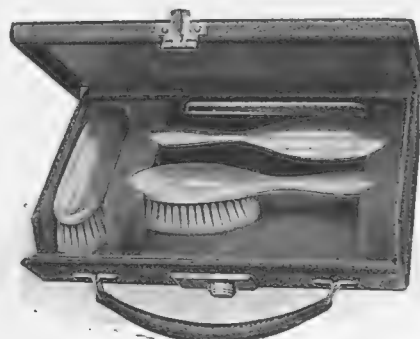
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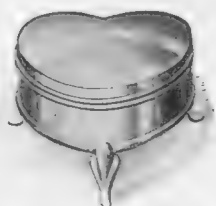
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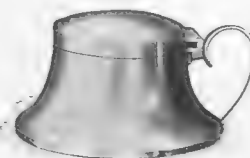
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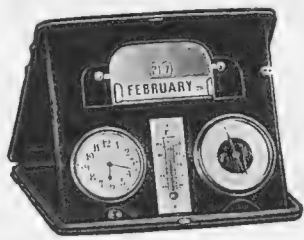
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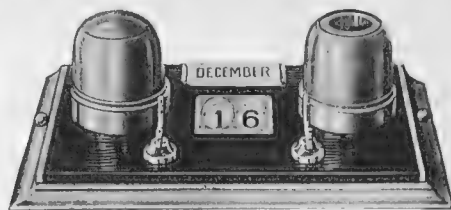
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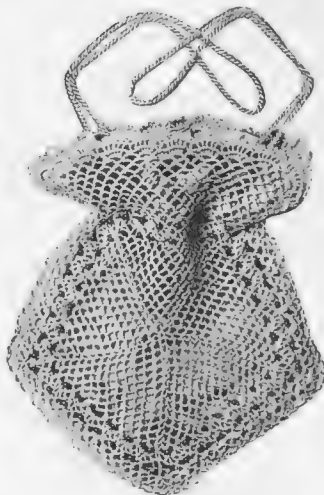
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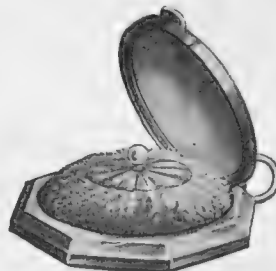
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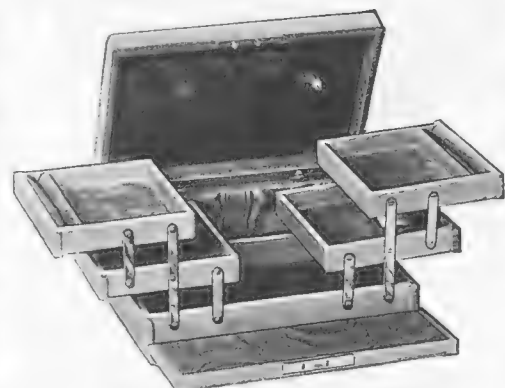
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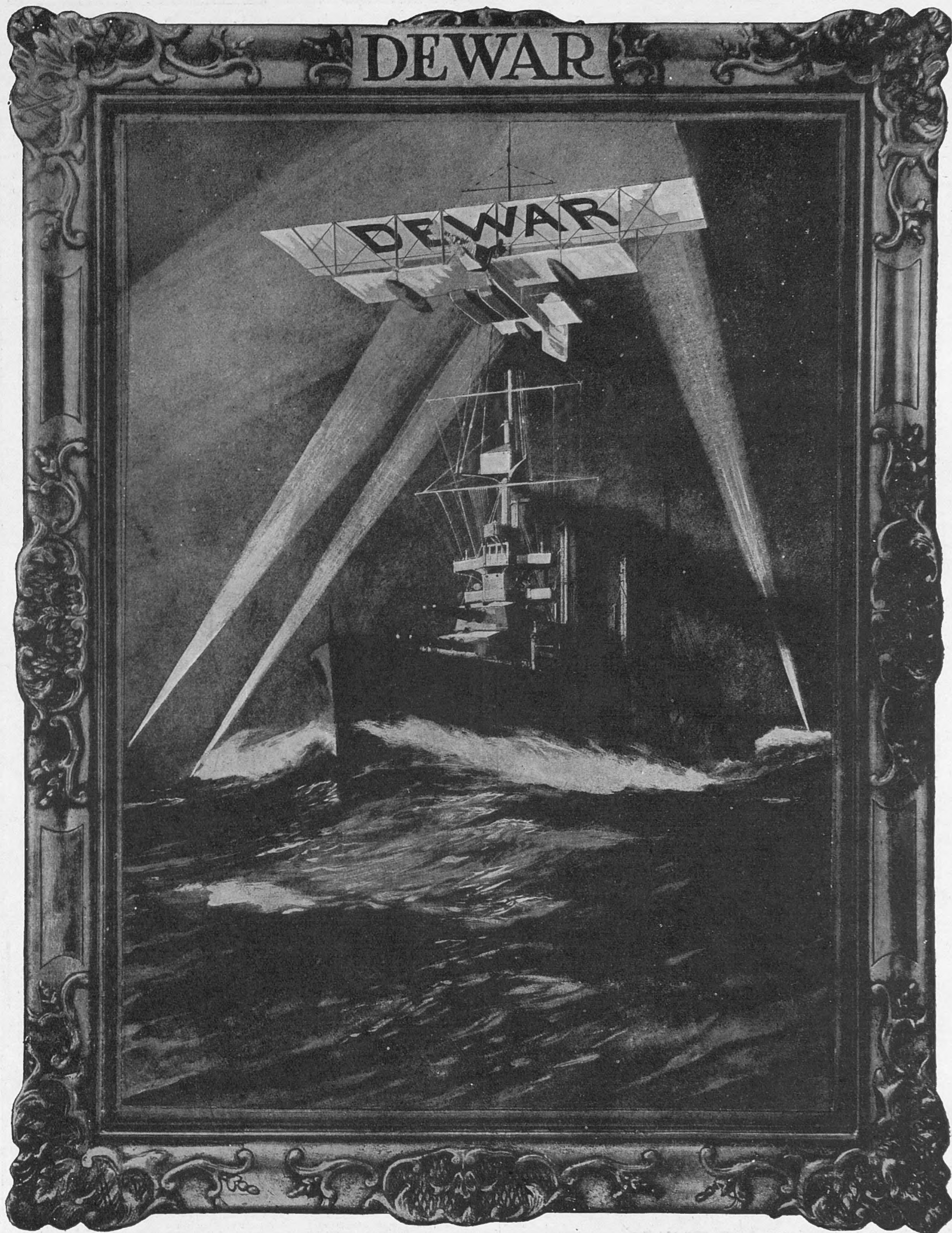
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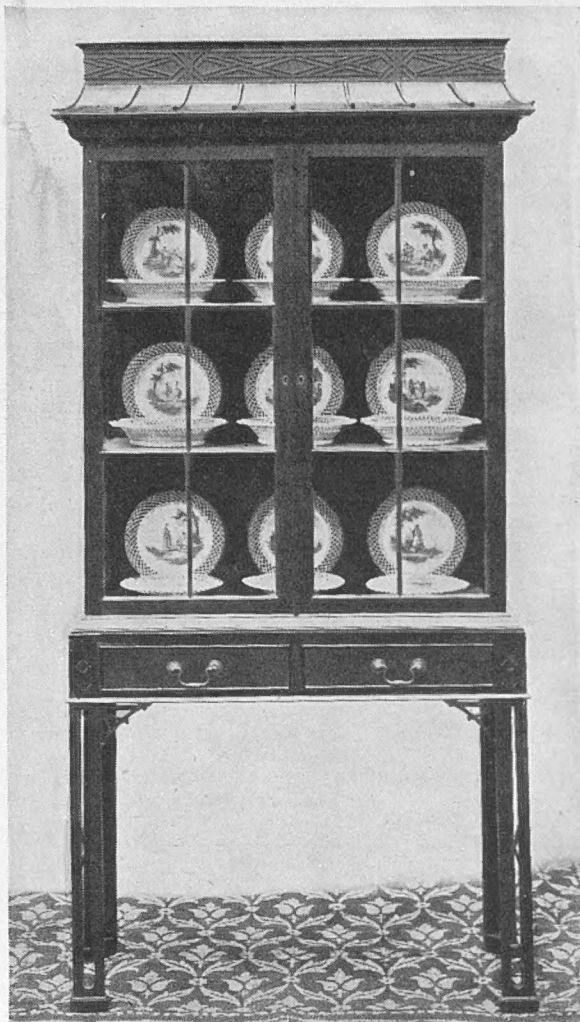
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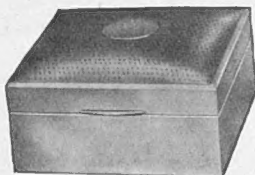
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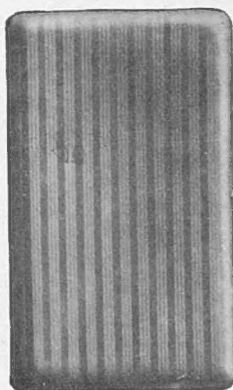
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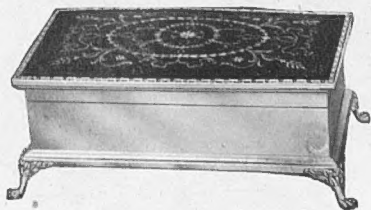
Solid Silver Single-Row Cigarette Case,
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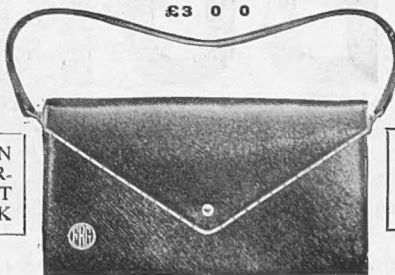


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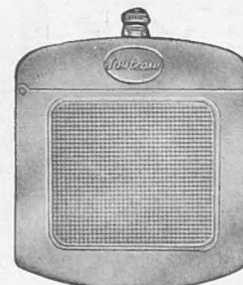
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WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

French Plays and English People.

There is a curious psychological problem concerned in the presentment of a French play or variety "turn" in London. I fancy the Bishops are on the right tack in condemning some of them, for they indubitably "suffer a sea-change" in crossing the Channel. So different is the social creed of the average French *bourgeois*—both male and female—from our own, so frank is his conversation on certain subjects which are not discussed at dinner-tables here, and so sane is his outlook on all the manifestations of Life, that I do not imagine the most risky and frisky Parisian productions affect his conduct in the slightest degree. Any night in Paris you may see dowdy fathers and mothers of families laughing consumedly at jokes which would be untranslatable for London audiences. And this does not prove that their manners and morals are worse than ours. They laugh heartily, but they do not snigger, and in this respect they differ from the English, whose snigger is the most revolting thing in our theatres. When he sniggers, the Englishman announces to the world at large that he is witnessing something which in his conscience he thinks wrong; if he had the courage of his opinions, he would walk out of the playhouse. And this is the reason why cultivated English people can go to saucy plays in Paris and never turn a hair; they are perfectly aware that these pieces do no harm whatever to the French. But it is quite otherwise in London. Here we are over-weighted by our sense of responsibility. We know that an average English audience, in its rather crude way, will take the importation from Paris quite seriously. The French Government, in its own interests, should prohibit the performance of dubious Parisian plays and "turns" in the English capital.

Women Among Themselves.

It is a singular and interesting fact that women are much politer and more ceremonious to each other than are men to other men. They are always considering each others' feminine susceptibilities in a way that men seldom do, and never to each other. The "nice" woman will show an amazing amount of tact in dealing with her friends' idiosyncrasies. Personally, I think all this drawing-room *marivaudage* is a little overdone, and that one of the salutary effects of woman's emergence into the arena of life is that she hears some plain truths and learns to take a knock-down blow like a man. Mr. James Stephens, the author of "Here Are Ladies," declares that women are not only "always on their best behaviour to each

other," but that it would seem "as if they feared, and must placate each other by flattery, humour, or a serious tactfulness." He thinks that women never really become intimate.

The Famine In "£ s. d."

One hears lamentations of a famine in pennies, but what is more serious to the ordinary individual is the famine in pounds. After all, what matters an absence of halfpence if golden sovereigns are circulating freely? For it is the unfortunate middle-class, in these days of triumphant democracy—a democracy to whom those in Power bow a trembling knee—which gets pushed against the wall. Never, I suppose, have the professional and lower middle-class been so harried and so over-taxed as they are in this agitated year of 1913. Whereas the wages of the artisans have risen, and capital flaunts in ostentatious luxury, the professional man or woman knows no cessation from anxiety, and is certainly taxed beyond all proportion to his means. It is not improbable that he may be worried out of existence altogether, when we shall revert to the old order of serfs and seigneurs. But it will be a plutocratic feudalism.

Superfluous Trees.

I was glad to see someone raising his voice the other day against the superfluous trees in London. Already we have vast stretches of ill-drained parks, with ornamental lakes which are not desirable in a damp and fog-laden city at the mouth of the Thames Valley, and we are now adding to the number of our trees by planting "boulevards" in many of the suburbs. Now all these trees look pretty once a year, for about a fortnight in the month of May; after that they become dusty and dun-coloured masses of foliage, until the tattered leaves finally drop off in the month of November, leaving a mournful, blackened skeleton of the trunk, branches, and twigs. And every twig, it seems, is a collector and dispenser of ooze, bringing gloom and damp upon what should be the most brilliant city in the world. Moreover, if we must have trees, there should be variety and beauty. As it is, we are surrounded perpetually by limes and elms, perhaps the least interesting of timber. Why are not the graceful, shivering poplars of northern France cultivated in England? Would it not be possible, with an artificial sandy soil, to raise those beautiful stone-pines which adorn some parts of Surrey and Sussex? Might not cedars be introduced in our parks, and the British oak spread its bronze-green leaves in place of the too-frequent elm? If we ruthlessly cut down our superfluous, ugly trees, which only serve to perpetuate bronchitis, and applied our wits to beautifying our parks and squares, both the health and the appearance of London would be improved.



By appointment to H.M. King George V.

The British public are warned against misleading announcements. The truth about the tyres at the recent Olympia Motor Show is that there were fitted to vehicles on exhibition

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